AN INQUISITIVE BUNCH OF SCHOOLBOYS AT CHANGSHA, CHINA

HAWAIIAN GIRLS AT THE PRIORY SCHOOL, HONOLULU

THE CHOIR ENTERING THE CHURCH AT CAPE MOUNT, AFRICA

# The Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

HUGH L. BURLESON, Editor CHAS. E. BETTICHER, Jr., Managing Editor

VOL. LXXXI March, 1916 No. 3

## THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

THIS Lenten Offering Number is not intended to be a juvenile edition of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. It is our purpose to present to our readers a picture of what the Church, particularly through her missionary agencies, is doing for childhood throughout the world. With this end in view, we have asked men and women who—with a deep love of the Christ-Child and of all children for His sake—are ministering through the Church in many lands, to tell us by picture, story and descriptive article, how childhood and youth are being protected and blessed by the Church and her missionaries.

**The Purpose of This Issue**

**A Children's Number**

In a real sense, therefore, this is a "Children's Number," and so may still be known by the name which it bore for many years. Also, it is the issue which brings us into the closest possible touch with the children of the Church. Without their aid and interest its successful production would be impossible. Its distribution and sale are accomplished by the pupils in our Sunday-schools. At least 100,000 people who read this magazine—perhaps for the first time—will have had it presented to them by some eager, bright-eyed child who is seeking in this way to increase the gifts which the children of the Church bring as their Easter Offering to reinforce the missionary treasury. Will not those who, under such conditions, read these words, read also with interest and sympathy the pages which follow, and try to see how much it means to the young life of the world that Christian missionaries are ministering to its appalling need and its appealing weakness? Year after year instances multiply of men and women who have caught this vision by reading the "Children's Number," and have realized personally how true are the words of the old prophet: "A little child shall lead them."

OF course the direct financial results, though not the first purpose or the highest service of this issue, are of great and far-reaching importance. The offering at Easter of the Lenten savings gathered in our Sunday-schools has become one of the significant missionary features in the life of the Church. No other Christian body has such systematic and generous giving on the part of its chil-

**The Lenten Offering**

dren. Words in praise of the achievement have been spoken by observers of all Christian bodies, including the Roman Catholic. It is indeed true that the children have set an inspiring example to the Church. Year by year the volume of gifts has grown. In 1878 it was $7,000; last Lent $186,223.41; while for the thirty-seven years it has reached the astonishing total of $3,161,432.65.

The gifts producing this result have come from all quarters of the earth and from all sorts and conditions of children; and, best of all, most of the money has been definitely earned for the purpose,—representing Christian service and sacrifice on the part of the donors. Eskimos and Indians in Alaska, children in Southern California and Florida, have worked to swell the amount. The negroes of Africa, the peons in Mexico, the Igorots of the Philippines, with the children of China and Japan, have gathered the strange coins of their various countries in common with our own white boys and girls of the mountains and prairies, the small towns and great cities, of the United States.

The movement of this Offering has been progressively onward and upward. For the last six years the yearly increase has been continuous and considerable, as the following table will show:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1909-10 | $144,694.35 |
| 1910-11 | 155,882.27 |
| 1911-12 | 167,250.36 |
| 1912-13 | 175,734.71 |
| 1913-14 | 181,183.67 |
| 1914-15 | 186,223.41 |
| | $1,010,968.77 |

The possibilities of development for the Lenten Offering are almost limitless. They are bounded only by the sympathy and co-operation of clergy, parents and teachers, and by our faith in the mission of the Church and the power of prayer. It must be evident that, could the inertia which exists in many places be transformed into active interest and all the forces be lined up for a common purpose, the $200,000 mark could easily be reached this year. The experience of the past few months, wherein the Church, during a depressing year, added more than $400,000 to her usual missionary offering, proves what can be done when the individual is reached and stirred to do a concrete and definite thing in the way of personal service. And, as all know, no human beings are more eager to do things, or more readily stirred to unselfish service, than are the children.

Herein lies the greatest value of the Offering. Not in the amount, splendid as it is, which may be gathered, but in the opportunity which it offers to relate the children—who are the Church of the future—to the world-wide problems of the future, upon the right and the Christian solution of which, humanly speaking, the destiny of the Kingdom of God depends.

**Last Year's Record**

It is suggestive that two divisions of the Church, so widely separated in character and circumstances as the struggling missionary district of North Dakota and the old mother diocese of Pennsylvania, should have stood for many years at the head of the list. It proves that the question is not so much one of resources and environment as of organization and consecrated energy.

The five dioceses and districts which lead the van are: First, North Dakota, maintaining the place of honor which it has held for many years, with a per capita record of $1.20; then Pennsylvania, with a record of 79 cents; Montana passes from the eighth to the third place on the list, with an average of 78 cents; Honolulu is fourth with 77 cents, and West Texas, coming up from twelfth place last year, is fifth, with an average of 62 cents.

The full list, showing the relative standing, is as follows:

*Above Sixty Cents*

(1) North Dakota, (2) Pennsylvania, (3) Montana, (4) Honolulu, (5) West Texas.

*Sixty to Fifty Cents*

(6) Pittsburgh, (7) Western Michigan, (8) Bethlehem, (9) Minnesota.

*Fifty to Forty Cents*

(10) Missouri, (11) North Texas, (12) Delaware, (13) West Missouri, (14) Los Angeles, (15) New Hampshire, (16) Erie, (17) Dallas, (18) South Dakota, (19) Indianapolis.

*Forty to Thirty Cents*

(20) Maryland, (21) Georgia, (22) Vermont, (23) Quincy, (24) Western Massachusetts, (25) Eastern Oklahoma, (26) Central New York, (27) Duluth, (28) New York, (29) Connecticut, (30) Michigan City, (31) New Jersey, (32) Salina, (33) West Virginia, (34) Newark, (35) Kansas, (36) Southern Florida, (37) Texas, (38) Colorado, (39) Arkansas, (40) Milwaukee, (41) Kentucky, (42) Easton, (43) New Mexico, (44) Albany, (45) Arizona, (46) Nevada, (47) Atlanta, (48) Rhode Island, (49) Lexington, (50) East Carolina.

*Thirty to Twenty Cents*

(51) Alabama, (52) South Carolina, (53) Louisiana, (54) San Joaquin, (55) Chicago, (56) Massachusetts, (57) Nebraska, (58) Mississippi, (59) North Carolina, (60) Tennessee, (61) Eastern Oregon, (62) Idaho, (63) Iowa, (64) Sacramento, (65) Southern Ohio, (66) Western Nebraska, (67) Olympia, (68) Springfield, (69) Ohio, (70) Oregon, (71) Maine, (72) Oklahoma, (73) Washington, (74) Michigan, (75) Western New York, (76) Marquette, (77) Harrisburg, (78) Western Colorado, (79) Southern Virginia, (80) Fond du Lac, (81) Wyoming, (82) Spokane.

*Twenty to Ten Cents*

(83) Florida, (84) Long Island, (85) California, (86) Virginia, (87) Asheville, (88) Utah, (89) Cuba.

Comparing this list with the record of last year, some fine achievements are seen. Eastern Oklahoma jumps 57 numbers, going from the eighty-second to the twenty-fifth place; Maryland and West Missouri advance 32 places; Idaho, 25; Michigan City, 23; Louisiana, 22; Georgia, 20; Tennessee, 19; South Carolina and Chicago, 18; Delaware and Southern Florida, 15. Five others: New York, Central New York, Newark, Lexington and Iowa, advance ten places, or better. Even those who have only retained their former relative standing have done better than last year, for the increase of more than $5,000 in the total offering has raised the grade of all.

The children of the Church are to be congratulated and encouraged!

**Commonplace Heroes**

WHEN we talked about a hero we used to mean some one who stood away above the ordinary crowd. He was a hero because he was so different from the rest. Now we have to change our point of view a good deal, for heroism has become commonplace. Men are heroes now, not because they are different from the rest, but because they are like them. Among all the dreadful things that war has done it has at the same time shown how much courage and patience and sacrifice there is in the world. Yet, brave as everybody seems to be, there is some heroism which seems pre-eminent. The American missionaries who are standing at their posts in the midst of the Turkish Empire, with their Christian converts massacred on every side and themselves exposed to constant danger and insult, seem to us far more than

commonplace heroes. And greatest among them are the medical missionaries. Not so very long ago one of these, an American doctor, saved hundreds of defenseless Christians from massacre by unfurling the United States flag between them and their implacable foes. And now a deadlier foe appears. Pestilence has followed upon murder, and within one month four of the little band of American physicians in northwestern Turkey have fallen victims to typhus fever. Yet none hesitates or dreams of withdrawing. Even if Americans are not risking their lives in the trenches, it is inspiring to know that what they are doing for the cause of Christ and humanity is perhaps even more heroic.

**Missionaries as Others See Them**

IT is always interesting to get the point of view of the "outsider" on an important undertaking. Those of us who are committed heart and soul to the missionary cause are particularly glad to know how the enterprise looks to the man who as an observer touches it at close quarters.

Two conspicuous examples have come to our attention. Dr. Henry C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, is now the adviser for the Commission of the Chinese Republic on Standardization of Railway Accounts. Located at Peking, he is, of course, a trusted counselor of the Chinese Government, and has unusual opportunities of knowing facts about mission work in China. He recently said:

> "When I came out to China I did not think much of foreign missions or foreign missionaries, but now I take off my hat to the missionaries. I have never contributed much to foreign missions, but when I get home I shall put everything that I can spare into the foreign missionary collection. They are a noble lot of men and women, and are rendering a very great service to the people of China."

The second testimony comes from Dr. William H. Welch, who, in company with Dr. Buttrick and Dr. Simon Flexner recently visited China on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation, with a view to studying the medical needs of that country, and has just returned. Dr. Welch has a nation-wide reputation, and is called the "Father of American Pathology." In addressing the Saturday Club at Shanghai, Dr. Welch said:

> "We do not consider that we have undertaken an entirely new endeavor in China. The missionary work that has already been done furnishes a foundation for our efforts. Missions were greatly advanced by the introduction of Western education as a part of their work. They were still further advanced by the entrance of the medical missionary into the field. The work that these men have done is beyond all praise. I would like to pay the highest tribute to those men who felt the impulse to treat men's bodies as well as their souls. Considering the insufficient staffs and meagre equipment, it is wonderful what they have done. Much of the work has developed around strong personalities. You cannot help being stirred and inspired by some of them. It is an education in itself to come under the influence of such men."

Examples of this sort are not unique. Many others might be quoted, but these two are particularly gratifying, and will cheer the hearts of those who have always believed in the missionary cause, and in the fine quality of the men who are representing it in distant lands.

# THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

## THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

WHEN the Lord of the great and the little,
The Potter whose hand shapes our clay,
Sets a child in the midst of the market
Where the world-people chatter all day;
Sets a child with its innocent questions,
Its flower-face dimpled and fine,
In the very heart's core of the clamor
A thought of the Maker Divine;
And men, in their lust for dominion,
Their madness for silver and gold,
Crush the beauty and charm from that spirit,
Make the flower-face withered and old,
Bind the hands and the feet with a tether
That childhood can never untie;—
Deem not that Jehovah unheeding
Looks down from the heights of the sky.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

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## THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—
For the sweet and silent years of the Holy Childhood.

For the growing interest and co-operation of the children of thy Church in the upbuilding of thy world-wide kingdom. (Page 167.)

For the loving service of those devoted men and women who in all the world are saving children from cruelty, ignorance or suffering. (Pages 173 and 193.)

For thy servants who, without thought of self, are protecting and guiding the children of the weak races of the earth. (Pages 197 and 207.)

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## INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—
To guard and protect the innocence of children, and by their example to win men and women to a worthier life.

To bless those who are gathered in the Sunday-schools of thy Church, giving them grace to serve thee better and more perfectly to love thee.

To bring to children of joyless lives, brighter days and better hope. (Page 178.)

To bring to the mothers of the world the knowledge which alone can sanctify their joys and soothe their sorrows. (Page 183.)

To rouse those to whom thou hast given great things to a desire to use their powers for the protection and uplifting of the weak. (Page 201.)

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## PRAYERS

### For Protection

GRANT, O Heavenly Father, that as thy holy angels do always behold thy face in heaven, so they may evermore protect thy little ones on earth from all dangers, both of soul and body, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### For Orphans

FATHER of the fatherless, let the cry of the orphan and the destitute enter into thine ears: rescue them from the perils of a sinful world; and bring them at last to the refuge of thy Heavenly Home, for the sake of thy Holy Child Jesus, our only Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

### A Child's Daily Prayer

DEAR Heavenly Father, accept our prayers, and grant all that we have asked according to thy will. May thy Kingdom come and thy will be done in all the earth; so that every child may be thy child, and every heart thy home. We ask it in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### For a Little Child *

LORD JESUS:
Take me and use me
In Thy service,
According to Thy will. *Amen.*

* In making his visitations, the late Bishop Codman of Maine was in the habit of asking the children to whom he made addresses to use this little prayer every day.

GRAPPLING WITH THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION

*Igorot boys in our mission school at Sagada, P. I. This is their full-dress for school purposes Don't you love their sturdy brown backs?*

# BELÍT OF BALUZAN

*By the Rev. Robb White, Jr.*

*Sometime Missionary in the Philippine Mountains*

MY name doesn't do like other boys'. Theirs get changed every once in a while,* but no matter what name they put on me, people just keep on calling me Belít, the same as those bad little birds that come to eat our rice. I got my name the day I was born, when my mother took me down to the river to wash me. I yelled as loud as I could as the cold water and the wind nearly froze me, and some little children up in a field above heard me, and cried "Belít! Belít!" because they thought it was a belít they heard. When they all got home to our barrio that night my mother showed them me, and said: "Belít aya!" (This is the belít!) That was such a good joke that they kept on calling me that, and they used to think it was very funny. When we marched single file to Mayinit to get salt, or out to the mountain for wood, we would start up some of the songs the children sing to keep themselves awake those long days we sit under our grass shelters ready to yell and shout when the flocks of belíts settle down upon our crops, to eat the rice we worked so hard for. When they came to those parts where we told the belíts how wicked we thought they were, the children would look at me, and poke out their chins at me.

As soon as my mother got me home she turned me over to my old blind grandmother, and she went on back to her work. In between times my mother fed me, but most of the time my grandmother just kept me tucked up between her shoulder-blades in an old blue cotton blanket. When I cried grandmother would abuse me a little bit softly, and feel her way over to the pot where some boiled rice or potatoes sat over the coals, dip her hand in, chew it up the best she could with her toothless gums, and stick a fingerful of that pap into my mouth. She couldn't see, so sometimes she put it up my nose, and sometimes in my ears or my eyes, but she kept on stuffing till I stopped crying. Grandmother couldn't see that her old blanket was very dirty from the many babies she had carried in it, and that there were many bad bugs. Of course, the bugs bit my skin, and I scratched the dirt into the sores and soon I was almost covered with bad, bad sores. All Igorot babies have these sores and I suppose I ought to be thankful mine didn't do like my sister's. Some stuff ran down from the sores on her head into her eyes, and now she's blind like grandmother, and can't do anything but peel potatoes and fix thread for the weavers all day long.

After a while there was another baby for grandmother to strap on her back, so my father bought a little girl to carry me around. My father was a rich man. You couldn't tell it by looking at him because he had no clothes except his gee string, and a fine blue coat with brass buttons that had once belonged to a Spanish soldier. He slept at the *dap-ay** wrapped in his blanket, with his axe and spear beside him, just like the other men. He carried his wood from the mountain on his naked shoulders, sweating and straining and stopping to rest, and he worked in the mud all day planting rice, and building the stone walls to hold the new fields up against the steep mountains.

After a few years on my slave-girl's back I went with the other boys to

* Igorot parents frequently change the names of their children.

* A community sleeping-house for the men.

sleep in the *ato*,* and my sister slept in the *olag* * just like all the other children. All the houses in our barrio were as like as peas in a pod, because the old men said Lumawig had come down out of the skies and showed the first Igorots exactly how to make houses. We build our houses up on the mountain first, and let them stay there a year. By that time we think the anitos and other spirits have had the use of them long enough to be satisfied, and we take them down and set them up in the barrio where they belong.

The little brother who came after me had a hard time. Soon after he was born the grasshoppers came and ate up all our rice. We children had lots of grasshoppers to eat, and it was lots of fun when everybody went out and followed them around, catching them in nets fixed on poles. But the old men knew it meant trouble, because there never was quite enough rice even when our harvests did their best. Now when these swarms of grasshoppers ate it all up there were bound to be bad days ahead for us. The old men said some of the anitos were angry at us. About this time my little brother got sick, and, since my father was very rich, they said he must have the canyao. It was a very big feast, and for seven days and nights they kept the fire going and some of the people beat on the drums and gansas and sang and danced, while the others ate many pigs and cows and carabaos and drank tapuy. One night my father had to hold up my little brother in the smoke and sing a song asking the anitos to let him alone now that he had had a big canyao for all the people, and had put out some of the meat and rice and sweet potatoes on little reeds for the anitos to eat. Then he had to drink a lot more of tapuy, and it made him so drunk that when he started to walk along the top of the rice-field wall on his way home, his foot stumbled and down he fell on top of my little brother. They both rolled down the steep wall and little brother's body was crushed so that he died.

My grandmother said I was strong because she cut a ring of dogskin with the hair on it and slipped it up on my leg like a bracelet. When it dried out it grew tight and she said the anitos always got caught up in the dog hair and couldn't climb any higher.

My father broke two of his ribs when he fell down the rice-field wall. Everybody was making such a noise that nobody heard him call, and when they did find him the next day, he was very sick. His body was very hot, and his eyes looked like somebody else's eyes. And he talked all sort of foolish talk. The old people were too drunk or too sick to say "have another canyao." So one Christian Igorot said, "We will take him to the mission."

They tied up the two ends of his blanket on a bamboo pole, and away they went. My father groaned very much when they had to climb steep places, or when the men slipped on the wet rocks. I thought "He will be dead before we get to the mission." But all Igorots are used to having pain. And he did not die. The doctor tied him up tight with many bandages, and they put him to bed. The lady came many times to give him milk and medicine and to put the little glass in his mouth, and he got well and came back. The day he came back we are all sitting on the smooth rocks at the dap-ay, splitting rattan to tie bundles of grass for a new roof for one of our houses that was burned. My father lights his pipe at the fire and begins splitting rattan too. He says: "I have been baptized at the mission." Nobody turns to look at him, and nobody says anything, because that is not our cus-

* Among the Igorots, only the very young children live entirely with their parents. The boys and girls have separate sleeping-houses; that of the boys is called the ato; that of the girls the olag.

tom. My father said: "Medicine is better than canyaos. It makes you well and it doesn't cost so much. We Igorots have no sense, spending our lives in fear of anitos when nobody ever saw one unless he was dreaming or drunk. Americans and Spaniards and Filipinos and people who have sense are better off."

After that the catechist used to come from the mission, and he would sing Christian songs and give Christian instructions to my father almost all night long. Other Igorots would come and sit silently down and listen and sometimes join in some of the choruses. My father was a rich man, with many followers, and he was a great singer at canyaos. Soon his songs were all Christian. Every Sunday he dressed up in his blue soldier coat and rode his best pony at a gallop up to the misa at the mission. Sometimes he would let me go with him, and although I couldn't get inside the church on account of the crowd, I could peep in and see the Padi in his robes, and the little brown boys with their red and white and black vestments, and I could hear the music and smell the incense. All the people were very clean and very happy-looking, and all the girls with their white handkerchiefs on their heads, kneeling down on the floor, looked very pretty. After the misa there were sick people who needed medicine, and sometimes the boys played ball and other games, and nobody did any work.

Then my father began sending his rice and sweet potatoes and eggs and coffee to the mission to sell. If he took it to the Chinamen or the Filipinos, he had to go himself, and even then they generally found a way to cheat him either about what he sold them or what he bought from them. Igorots are not smart and tricky like other people. But at the mission they always paid everybody the same and sold us only good things. Whenever I would go there I would play ball and other things with the boys who were not at work or in school, and I was soon a good player. I liked to stand outside the window and hear the school, and some of the things they said so many times that I learned them and would laugh and say them over to myself and the other boys. Best of all, I liked to watch the Japanese carpenters making houses, and many days I helped them when the school boys they are teaching go to the school for their book lessons.

One day the old men tell my father it is necessary for me to be married. My father does not like me to be married now because I am only a little boy twelve years old. Also he is wise,

WHERE BELIT AND HIS FATHER WERE BAPTIZED

and he knows that the old men only want the big canyao that my father must pay for. There was one brother before me, and when he was born my father had a canyao and promised him to be married to a baby girl that is born in Balili. My brother died and my father told Dokjon, the Balili girl, "Never mind. When I have another son he shall be your husband." But the next child is my blind sister.

I do not want to be married to Dokjon, and she does not want to be married to me. When the children ask me: "Is Dokjon your mother or your wife?" I am very angry. Also I know that Dokjon wants to be married to a man in Balili. He went to America to the Exposition, and now he has gold in his teeth, and American shoes and a watch.

If I am married I cannot play any more with the boys. I must go every day to the mountain to get wood, or go to work in the fields with the men. And when the old men tell my father I must cut off the head of some man from Ganugan, our enemies' town, I sit up quick, pull my blanket from around my head, and yell: "Adiak! Adiak kon!" ("I don't want to"). And I run away, and come to the mission and tell the Filipino teacher I want to go to school. He tells me there is no blanket for me and no place for me to sleep. I tell him I will sleep with another boy, who is my friend, in his blanket. He tells me there is not enough rice. I tell him my father is a rich man and I will get rice. He says who is your father, and I tell him "Kam Das of Baluzan." He says does my father want me to go to the school, and I say he does not know. Then he asks who is my friend that I will sleep with, and he tells that boy to go home with me and ask my father if he wants me to come to school. When I am near to Baluzan I hear a pig squealing, and I tell my friend that is for my wedding canyao. Sure enough they have got one pig tied tight to the pole so the men can carry him, and two dogs with a rope around their necks and a long stick tied in the rope, so the men can lead the dogs and not get bitten. Also some men have some of our chickens and many bundles of palay (rice in the husk) all ready to go to Balili.

I yell "Adiak! Adiak kon!" and fall down on the ground and beat my head and kick my feet about. My father says: "Let him alone." But they say: "You promised." Then I say: "But *I* did not! But *I* did not!"

So my father says: "Take the pig and one dog and one-half the rice, and let Dokjon marry the boy who went to America," and so they did. Then my father sends the chickens and the rice back to the school with me, and my friend tells the teacher, "Kam Das says all right."

Now I have been in the school five years, and I can read and write, and I know arithmetic and history and geography. Also, I am shortstop on the baseball team, and we have beaten the American boys' school, the constabulary soldiers, and some of the high schools. The Padi says maybe he will send me to Manila to the trade school if the Japanese carpenter gives me a good report. You see all the boys work on different jobs every morning and go to school in the afternoon; because it is the afternoons that the rains come and then we can turn on the electric lights and have school, but we couldn't do any outdoor work. The boys that do best at any job can go to Manila to the schools there, or to work in some shops and learn more.

Every night in our school we have religious instruction. Sometimes the teacher does it, sometimes the catechists, sometimes it is the sacristan teaching the acolytes their parts in the service, and sometimes the Padi comes and instructs and catechises us. Then, of course, we boys are all the time

"I AM SHORT-STOP ON THE BASEBALL TEAM"

asking each other hard questions, and laughing when they do not know.

Seven of us heathen boys were baptized the first Christmas Eve and made our first communion at the midnight misa. Marching along in the procession with everybody waving his flaming pitchpine torch and singing the songs, we thought if we stopped we could have heard the same angels above us singing away, and we almost looked for the Star to come back. My father was leader of the singing, and he was very proud because his son was baptized too. When the bishop came, all of us boys, and the girls in the girls' school who were well-instructed, came to the bishop and he confirmed us. There were many people from the barrios too. They did not know the instructions as well as we did, because working hard and staying all day and night in your wet clothes, and sleeping with your head all wrapped up in a blanket, in a hut where the fire has no chimney, makes it hard for people's brains to be very bright. When I am grown I mean to have a house like the laborers' houses at the mission, and I mean to have a stove with a chimney, and a woolen blanket and warm clothes, so I won't be afraid of the fresh air. After I am a good carpenter I mean to build good houses for rich Igorots by contract. My father says that the money people in Baluzan spend for canyaos would be enough to build good houses for everybody who lives there.

*The bishop who confirmed Belit*

# CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO CITY

*By Mattie Creel Peters*

WHEN I left the homeland of peace and prosperity, only a few weeks ago, to come back to the work, after a long-enforced absence, it looked as if I must be leaving behind the brightness and good cheer of the approaching Christmastide. After reaching this revolution-swept city, to find so many sad changes, and distressing conditions existing still, it required some effort to believe the beautiful spirit could take possession of our hearts here in this troubled land, so shadowed and bereft. My enthusiasm and courage began to wobble and shrink, and threatened to fail me quite, but my mercurial temperament served me well, and I managed to pull myself up to the sticking point when I remembered that it was a part of my mission to discover and possess the secret of a happy Christmas in the dark and lonely places; and I set out to learn it, and to pass it on. I love to think it was the light of the Christmas star that led me through narrow streets, by unfamiliar ways, right to the House of the Holy Name, where I was to make a renewed offering of personal service on the birthday of the Christ-Child.

It has, in spirit and in deed, been a truly blessed and a strangely happy Christmas, though spent in the midst of many and great dangers and perils, for a lasting peace for this country is not yet assured, and epidemic and want cast additional shadows. We find so much to do in trying to minister to these distressed, broken-spirited people of ours that we cannot take time to worry, or to think too much about dreadful "might-be's."

I took up my abode here at the Settlement House, on December 22nd, to await the coming of Deaconess Whitaker from the States; also some word from our bishop, who is periodically "incommunicado" in Guadalajara, before determining my work in the city. I found the machinery of the house moving satisfactorily and smoothly, under the direction of the Senorita Guerra, the capable teacher of the free kindergarten opened by Miss Whitaker about a year ago. It was not very long before I discovered that the senorita was in need of a helper, for she seemed to have more than she could do, with the extra work of preparing for the kindergartners' entertainment, to take place the 24th.

She did not seem to understand my coming, and insisted, with typically charming Mexican courtesy, on receiving me as a distinguished guest, possibly considering me a very useless addition to her household and care at such a busy time. Doffing my sombrero, and dumping my belongings down anywhere, I announced that I had been sent to help her, and I insisted, with typically American abruptness perhaps, on making myself generally useful. I made my way to the part of the house where the children were at work, and was quite surprised to find in a large, sunny room, a well-equipped kindergarten, attractively furnished with little chairs and tables, and the bright-colored accessories needed to give pleasure and employment to the children. Seated at the tables, happily absorbed in their "occupations," were twenty-five of the dearest little boys and girls to be found anywhere. Poorly but neatly clad, with faces as bright as the Mexican sunshine, they were the personification of the spirit of Christmas. When I entered the room they smiled a very sweet welcome, and then they quietly left their places to come forward to shake hands with me, and to

DEACONESS WHITAKER, SENORITA GUERRA AND THEIR CHARGES

place themselves at my service, each one giving his or her name, adding that gracious phrase, used by young and old, high and low, "el servidor de usted." They were quite amused to watch me wriggle and squeeze into a diminutive chair at the low table, and attempt to make a gorgeous red poppy. The senorita remarked that her *fiesta* would be *triste* because there was no one to play the marches and songs. Assuming a requirement I hardly possess, I offered to furnish the music. I went to the organ and began to play at a march that might not have been recognized as Gounod's Marche Romaine. Then the songs sung by kindergartners everywhere came back to my mind and finger-tips, "Here's a Ball for Baby," "Jolly Old St. Nicholas," etc. When these songs were added to my repertoire, and the music set to Spanish words, the senorita looked more cheerful; her smile of encouragement seemed to say, "I believe you will do," and I began to feel quite encouraged. For several hours we stretched and hammered and pinned, to cover all reachable space with pictures and the pretty things the children had helped to make. When the decorations were put up the room was quite resplendent, and presented the desired festive appearance.

Early on the morning of Christmas Eve the children came, all excitement, dressed in their poor and scanty best, and soon the room was filled with the mothers and a few friends. They sat for several hours, silently interested in watching the tots at their work and play. Probably not one of the mothers present had ever before been inside of such a beautiful children's garden, and it was touching to see their faces light up with maternal pride when they saw what wonderful things their little ones could be taught to do. Our ubiquitous archdeacon came along with his missionary camera, and snapped the children as they were being dismissed, but only one film developed satisfactorily.

The Settlement House seems to be in part an orphan asylum. I have

stumbled over several waifs tucked away in different parts of the building, being cared for by the helpers and the servants. The latest addition to the household is a pathetically stunted little girl, about two and a half years old, found in the street almost dead from neglect and hunger, and brought to the house by Miss Whitaker. To save its life, she had to take it away from the wretched mother, who was relieved to get rid of it. The poor little thing had to be taught to eat as a human being, for it had been forced to forage in the garbage heap for its daily food. It would eat dirt, paper and parings in preference to bread and milk, at first. Although it has improved greatly, it is still a most pitiable, uncanny looking bit of humanity, with its abnormally large head, and dark deep-set eyes that fairly haunt one, and arms and legs that closely resemble toothpicks. To-day, for the first time, I saw on the wizened little face a flicker of a smile, that seemed to indicate the awakening of a soul and mind. The hovels and the streets of this city are crowded with just such starved, undeveloped, unwanted little ones. One's heart expands and aches to take them all in to be cared for and loved.

Truly, "La casa del Sagrado Nombre" is as a lighthouse in this poor part of the city, where light and cheer are so needed. It was opened by Miss Whitaker about two years ago, and it is made use of as a school, hospital, rest-place and a shelter for many and any who will enter in. A beautiful work has been started by Miss Whitaker—a work that will grow and tell. What a blessing this special work is to the congregation of San Jose. The house is located near the church, which, by the way, is said to be the oldest church in America that is owned and still used by the Anglican Communion. It was built as a Roman Catholic church in 1659. Just 200 years later, during the reformation under Benito Juraez, when so many Roman Catholics left the Mother Church, the entire congregation of what is now our San Jose sought communion with the newly organized body named the Church of Jesus, now recognized as a branch of our own beloved Church, "La Iglesia Catolica Mexicana." I send two views of this church. The interior view is particularly good. I wish the curious winding stairway in the rear, leading up to the choir loft, could be seen in the picture. I also wish I could have gotten a picture of the interior and the congregation, on Christmas Day, and I should like to give some account of the service, but I must save space to tell about the lovely entertainment we had in the evening, for the Sunday-school and congregation.

SOME OF THE LITTLE ONES

The kindergarten happily disposed of, our next achievement was the Christmas tree. Señor Saucedo, our promising young deacon-soon-to-be, was in charge of this, and, seeing that he was in need of an assistant, I offered my services, which were accepted with evident gratitude. First of all, a tree must be produced somehow. Knowing that the celebration for the English and the American children had taken place two evenings before in the parish house of Christ Church, I asked for the left-over tree. It was sent to us at once, and after dinner on Christmas Day, Mr. Saucedo and I placed it in the kindergarten-room,

and contrived to make it really beautiful, with real "store" things, that cost a double handful of "Carranza" money, and packages of dulces (sweets), done up in bright-colored tissue paper, a necessary substitute for Christmas boxes and bags. The decorations were completed, to our immense delight, when tiny colored globes for electric light were scattered over the tree. We could not do much in the way of gifts, but we had plenty of pink and red and green candy, and the biggest, yellowest oranges the depleted markets could afford, which quite satisfied our guests, big and little, who don't know what it is to receive gifts, or to hang up a stocking. Some of them could not find a stocking to hang up.

When everything was in readiness, the doors were opened to quite a gathering of the Sunday-school children and the grown-ups of the congregation, besides a few children of the highways and byways, who were bidden to come in. Our ubiquitous and ever-helpful archdeacon was again on hand, this time with his "Magic" lantern. Before the lighting of the

EXTERIOR AND CHANCEL OF SAN JOSE

tree, and the distribution of the little gifts, the "old, old, sweet story" was delightfully told by Mr. Mellen, as he made use of the beautifully colored "vistas" to illustrate it. First, parts of the Evening Prayer were thrown on the white wall, and every one present who could took part in an impressive little service. Just after the General Confession was said, Hoffman's "Christ the Consoler" was shown, while the Absolution was pronounced. Then followed the recital of the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the singing of a hymn, which ended the service; after this the picture-talk was given. The selections used, portraying the childhood life of the Christ, are lovely. As the dearly familiar reproductions were flashed on the screen, the light on the picture and the surrounding darkness gave vivid reality to the central figure. The service, the telling of the story, and the reverent attention of the people sitting in the semi-darkness, caused at least one pair of eyes to become misty at times. I think every one present was not only entertained but deeply impressed.

The second part of the entertainment was a gratifying success, too. While the r o o m was still darkened the l i g h t s were turned directly on the tree, and the effect was all we c o u l d desire. It was a delight to watch the children as they crept up closer and closer to the "beautiful thing," and their gurgles of delight were good to listen to. After the tree had been stripped of everything but the lights and the precious ornaments (and I could not resist giving away some of the latter) the children, and some of the big folks, stood or sat around the tree, seemingly reluctant to leave it behind. We could not hurry them off, but at last they realized it was time to go. Just before they dispersed, the young people gathered around the organ and sang that dear old song, "Silent Night, Holy Night"; in Spanish, "Noche de Paz, Noche de Amor." With these sweet words ringing in our ears, and with the thought that some brightness and good cheer had been put into these dull lives about us, this Christmas night was indeed to us "a night of peace, a night of love."

THE KINDERGARTEN GOING HOME

# "I WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME"

*By the Rev. Roger A. Walke*

*The Eastern sun looked down upon the earth*
*And saw of foodstuff such a dreadful dearth*
*He hid his face and shed full many a tear.*
*The people cried: "The rainy season's here"—*
*And so, when things seem bright and then seem drear,*
*Think on the moral that doth here appear,*
*"The rainy season's anything but nice,*
*Yet we must have it—else there'd be no rice!"*

THE lonely widow Goto sat on her bare feet out on the little three-foot-wide porch that ran around her house. She had one eye on the thin slices of sweet potato she had laid out along the porch on pieces of matting. Her other eye was on a rooster whose head appeared just above the level of the porch. He was as long and thin as she was short and fat. His eyes were more conveniently placed than hers, so that he had less trouble in simultaneously eyeing her and the potatoes. They were old and devoted friends, but that, of course, did not make them agree as to whether the potatoes should be left to dry or consumed at once.

The widow Goto was crooning a song which might have been translated into the poem above, except for the fact that the sentiment was that one might not use the word "glorious" until one had visited the temples in Nikko. The eyeing and the crooning were both purely matters of habit. In fact, the old lady was thinking of her troubles.

Most of her life had been peaceful and happy. She had never seen her husband until the day of their marriage, but he had been kind to her from the first, and had grown to love her dearly. Her devotion to him was absolute, and she served him with the passionate loyalty a woman sometimes gives to those who, having the power to make her wretched, really try to make her life a joy. He had been a lumber merchant away up in a little mountain town twelve miles from the railroad. Intelligence, industry and honesty had made him prosperous, and he had left her fairly well off. Three children had come, two boys and a girl, and the widow Goto often wondered how three so different could be so nearly related.

Ah! what a triumph it had been when the first child was a boy. She

AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE

recalled how thankful her husband was, and how at once he had gone to the grave of his old father, lately dead, with an offering of food, and had announced to the soul of the departed that into his house was born a son and heir.

Taro from the first had been a thoughtful child, looking out upon life with wise eyes and asking questions which filled the baffled parents with a prideful consternation. How should they know why the calf of the leg had not been put in front to serve as a pad when one sat on the hard floor? and why, if father is tall and thin, should mother be short and fat? He had devoured books while the other children played, and consequently had developed spectacles and a high-brow stoop in the shoulders by the time he was fifteen.

BIG SISTER AND THE BABY

Jiro, the second boy, was absolutely different and secretly his mother's darling. The tenderest heart and the hardest fists in town. Always leading the children into mischief, and then joyfully taking all the blame. He would quite willingly play nursemaid for his small sister, though only the girls usually do this in Japan. If any of the boys, big or little, had anything to say about it, the young one would be untied from his back and placed on the ground; then the scoffer would likewise be placed on the ground, with Jiro riding on his chest instead of his back. Before long, tending the baby became quite the thing among the boys.

And that baby girl, O Hana—the little flower; what a darling she was! How good and gentle she had been, looking out upon life from the vantage-ground of brother's back. How her father had spoiled her and predicted for her beauty and brain, and all things delectable.

Life had been so good to the devoted wife and mother, and then her beloved master and husband had suddenly died. She had not been old and she was well off, but she cut her hair off to within two inches of her head—a widow. And although many a friend had offered to be a go-between, and urged her to let her hair grow, and to braid long hair into it, she had refused. She would never marry, loyal forever to her one man.

And then Taro began to ask questions about their Buddhist faith. They had never before occurred to her, and she was bewildered and shocked. He even undertook to criticise

and ridicule what she had thought sacred and beyond question. Finally he had declared life in the little backwoods town impossible, and forthwith started off for Tokyo to study.

That was several years ago, and she had always been bothered about his faith. And this very day her worst fears were to be realized. The country postman, that institution for the dissemination of written and oral information, brought her a letter from each of her children. He sat down on the edge of the porch to join her in a short smoke and a cup of tea.

"The tea this year is unusually fine. Why aren't you out with the other village women getting it in while the weather holds?" he asked.

"Well," said she, with a little sigh, "I hoped for news from the children, and I had to keep that old rooster from eating my—Shoo! You old rascal! If he hasn't been up there eating while I sat here being sorry for myself! Well, I am too good-for-nothing to pick tea, but tell the women I'll bring them out some tea and cakes presently. Good-bye."

And then she opened Taro's letter and read these words: "We men here at college are almost unanimous in thinking Buddhism doomed as a religion for the Japanese. Twentieth-century civilization and Buddhism cannot go hand in hand, and we prefer to be moderns. As a philosophy it may live, but the people need religion, not philosophy, and as a present-day religion it doesn't belong."

The poor mother waved automatically at the rooster, who was showing signs of a return of appetite, and sat looking at the unopened letter from her second son, Jiro, her best-beloved. He wasn't one to be proud of, she felt, and yet how she loved him! He had grown into such a strong, full-blooded, impetuous, generous, unselfish boy. But the traits that made him attractive had been his handicap. He had become the idol of the town. Rich and poor, old and young, male and (alas!) female, had loved him. He had got into trouble, and more trouble. He tried to be a farmer, but the filth and the stench sickened him, and he had to give it up. Then the city called, and he went.

"Mother, dear," he wrote, "I love you, and do want to be worthy. You have paid my debts, forgiven my sins, shielded me, and through it all have trusted me. I some time ago came to feel how worthless and sinful I was. Ah! how I hated it all, and yet kept on. I determined to go to a temple and ask for help to conquer. I went, and found that the most generous supporters of that particular temple were gamblers and drunkards, and those others from whom I vainly tried to break away. I am done with Buddhism! It was a curse, when I asked for help. Had it not been for your love for me I would have ended it all."

She opened Hana's letter. Hana

*The inevitable tea in the tea-field*

O HANA WRITING HER LETTER

was frightfully modern—did not even begin her letter with the set phrases which good Japanese letter-writing demands. She began, "My precious ones at home, both mother and rooster."

"Well!" exclaimed the mother. "You there! you might as well get up here and eat what you want, you good-for-nothing old rooster. Precious ones indeed! Let's see, where was I?"

"The kindergarten is fine, and I love the work. You know several of us girls room together, and sometimes, after we get home and get out of our school uniforms, we sit over the tea-cups and discuss all sorts of things. One thing we all agree on. We cannot be Buddhists. Do you know that the Lord Abbot of your sect, who is so holy that the faithful drink his bath-water, is in reality one of the worst men in this country? You are much too old-fashioned to be told of his goings-on, but this I'll say, if he is going to heaven I prefer some other place. One has to think of one's reputation! Now don't go and be shocked; it's so bad for the complexion. You are an old dear!

"HANA.

"P. S.—Would you mind much if I became a Christian?"

"Christian!" shouted the widow, so loud that honorable rooster flopped down, only waiting long enough to gobble the biggest slice of potato in sight; which, by the way, choked him, and served him right too—greedy fowl!

After that one outburst the widow Goto sat quite still, staring straight before her, a really pathetic picture of misery. She knew nothing whatever about that religion, but she hated it with an intense Oriental hatred. At last she got up wearily, went inside and took down her Buddhist rosary. She slid the paper doors together, so that not even the rooster could see her as she counted off the beads, praying deeply, earnestly, fiercely, that at least this crowning disgrace might be averted—that a child of hers should embrace the abhorred superstition of the Christ, whoever he might be.

By evening she had formed a definite resolve. She would leave home early next morning, walk the twelve miles to the railway, go into Tokyo, and beseech, implore, command, abjure Hana to give up any idea of this great iniquity.

After a sleepless night and light breakfast the way seemed very long, and her bag like one of lead. A mile and a half an hour was all she could do. She had accomplished some six miles and was sitting exhausted and disconsolate beside the road, longing for tea, when all of a sudden there burst upon her vision something huge

and black, that approached with rush and rattle—particularly rattle. Gone were thoughts of weariness and tea. With the agility of extreme youth the widow Goto sprang to the top of a steep embankment as "the Ford" drew up perilously near her precious bag. The driver, a foreigner, said something to his Japanese companion, who turned toward her.

"Mother," he said, "the town is far and your bag large, will you honor us by entering our automobile?"

"And the price?" she asked.

"The pleasure of your company," he replied.

"One might as well die from too much speed as from too much slowness," murmured the widow, and politely accepted the invitation.

Presently she leaned forward from the back seat and asked, "And why does honorable foreigner treat so kindly a poor old woman, a stranger and from the backwoods?"

"For the sake of the Christ."

The old woman sat back, breathless and ashamed. Should she get out at once? She gripped her bag, which seemed more like lead than ever.

"But I do not love your Christ!" she cried.

"The more important thing is that He loves you."

At the station they got her a cup of tea and put her safely on a train, one many hours earlier than that she had planned to take. The seats were most uncomfortable, until she found she could double up her short legs and sit on them anyhow. The huge station and crowds of Tokyo absolutely bewildered her. The guards directed her to the platform exit, and there she stood, a pathetic little figure—a tiny widow from the country, stunned by the noise and bustle.

"Mother, may I help you find your friends?" and a kindly hand was laid on her shoulder, and kindly eyes looked into hers.

"I seek my daughter," replied the old lady.

A troubled expression crossed the clear eyes of the younger woman, also a short-haired widow.

"But, mother, Tokyo is so large and sometimes daughters are hard to find. Do you know her address?"

"But, yes, it is 28 Tsukiji."

"Thank God! Yes, indeed! I know, and your daughter is safe!"

As they were parting the widow Goto said, "Do you meet all trains?"

"Yes, some one of us does. You see the old, and more especially the young, often need much help when they reach a strange city."

"But why, but why, are you all so kind?"

"Do you not know? It is all for the sake of the dear Lord Christ."

"Go ahead!" cried the widow Goto, and her jinrikisha man started on his two-mile run to Tsukiji.

"Is my daughter, Hana Goto, here?" she asked the teacher who met her at the door.

"Not just now. But come in and rest! you seem quite exhausted," replied her hostess. She soon had the

*"Over the tea-cups we discover all sorts of things"*

old lady comfortably fixed, with tea-cup within easy reach.

"And are you the lady who has been so good to my child all these years, and even now lets her live on here because she has no other chaperon? I hear that you could make more in other schools but stay on in this one? Why is that?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, I love my girls," answered Miss K.

"Yes, but there are girls in other schools," urged the widow.

The teacher hesitated a minute, embarrassed, and then said, "Well, I remain here because in this place, more than in others, I can be of use to my Master."

"Your Master?"

"Yes, my dear Master, the Christ."

"You, too!" whispered the widow Goto.

Later in the evening the old lady sat, surrounded by her three children. Taro was more impressively "high-brow" than ever, and was bored by

*"I entered a church"*

Hana's inquiries after the rooster. "Mother," he said at last, "I have a confession to make. My letter did not tell you all. My college is a Christian institution. My studies have not only led me away from Buddhism, they have also led me to the foot of the Cross. Through the help of Christian scholars I am to-day a Christian. I love the Teacher, Christ. Will you not forgive me?"

His mother turned from him to Jiro, "And you?" she asked.

"The experience I wrote you of was many months ago. Soon after that I entered a church, because I was cold and there was warmth inside. When the priest cried, 'Thou shalt not, thou shalt not,' I fell on my knees, crushed by the burden of my sins. Later there was a call to repentance, and the Christians confessed their sins. Then the priest pronounced and declared to them God's forgiveness. And I was unforgiven! Then there sounded in my ears the most blessed words I had ever heard, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.' I waited until all were gone and the priest came down the aisle. He laid his hand upon my bowed head, 'Rest for you, too, my son,' he whispered. That was months ago, and to-day I am a man and unafraid, because God is the Captain of my soul. A godly priest led me to the Cross."

The young fellow buried his face in her lap.

"Oh, mother," he sobbed, "I love Him so, my Saviour, Christ."

"And you?" she said to Tana.

"Mother, dear, I've been a Christian for years, albeit a coward, and afraid to tell you. It was when I first came to school. You knew I was ill and in the hospital, but you did not know it was Christian. A little old Christian in the next bed had a Bible she could not read, and, of course, decency made me offer to read it to her. And as I read, day by day, it

came to me what that hospital was trying to do—The Life of Christ. I never got away from the idea, it gripped me. That hospital led me to the Cross. And I love the great Physician of my soul, the Christ."

Jiro's head was still in her lap. She gave a hand to each of the others, and said: "I, too, my children—your Christ has conquered me. No mortal can withstand the influence of Christians who *are* Christians.

. . . . . .

An old, old woman sat trying to keep three sets of grandchildren away from her slices of sweet potato. She was crooning,

"The rainy season's anything but nice,
Yet we must have it, else there'd be
no rice."

"I know what it means," she sighed contentedly.

And then a shadow fell for an instant across her face, "If they had only come sooner, so that my dear husband might have shared the joy of it. However, I have no fear; he is safe somewhere, in the keeping of my dear Comforter, the Christ."

PLANTING THE YOUNG RICE IN JAPAN

HAWAII: READY FOR A DASH THROUGH THE SURF

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI AT THE PRIORY SCHOOL

*The Queen sits in the centre between the two venerable Sisters who founded the school; Bishop Restarick slightly behind*

SEWING SCHOOL AT ST. ELIZABETH'S (CHINESE) MISSION, HONOLULU

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, HONOLULU

THE PRIORY SCHOOL, HONOLULU

ST. MARY'S MISSION, MOILILI, HONOLULU

LITTLE INDIANS PLAYING INDIAN
*St. Mary's School, Rosebud Reservation, South Dakota*

*In Alaska: "Does Santa Claus Really Come Down the River?"*

COME ON IN!
*Mountaineer Children in front of the Settlement House at La Grange, Ga.*

OUR SCHOOL AT MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO

# A KIDNAPPING IN CHINA

*By Deaconess Theodora L. Paine*

Some time ago one of our devoted women in China sent home an intensely interesting letter describing a side of Chinese life and of missionary endeavor which is not usually understood. We are reprinting it here as an article, having asked Deaconess Paine to write an explanation and a conclusion, so that the whole story may, as far as possible, be told.

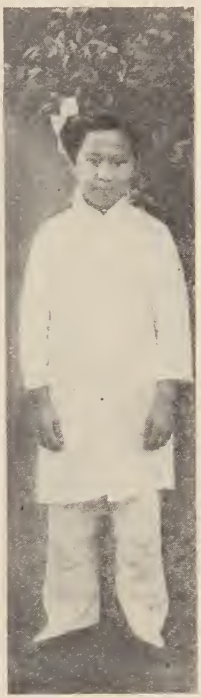
## *An Explanation*

AT the time this letter was written I was doing evangelistic work among the women in the northwest corner (our Church's corner) of the big, rich, wicked, ancient city of Soochow in the Shanghai diocese—the city in which Ah-kwe was born. In spite of the wealth of the city and the province, most of the neighbors just outside our compound wall were desperately poor, and many were the interruptions to regular missionary work caused by their calls for help of various kinds—calls for boric acid, castor oil, sulphur ointment; for clothing; for hospital treatment of all possible diseases, caused or aggravated by poverty and dirt, of opium cases and of insanity; for help to set up a fruit stand, to buy a coffin, to get back to home and friends; for a letter to the local magistrate to get the family bread-winner out of prison; of aged, blind, destitute women for a little money for daily rice; of childhood, like Ah-kwe, for protection.

In such cases the help of a Christian Chinese woman like the Mrs. Tsang, mentioned in the letter, is indispensable. She was a volunteer helper, and a most able and willing one in such emergencies, as well as in the regular evangelistic work, using whatever time she could spare from her proper work as matron and head-teacher in the girls' school.

## *The Letter*

I am on the train, as you will see, going down to Shanghai with a small girl named *Dzien Ah-kwe* (pronounced Zee Ah-kway) whom I have succeeded in keeping out of the hands of her step-mother and others who wanted to sell her. I suppose it might be said that I kidnapped her. After her father died, this bad step-mother sold her without her brother's knowledge into a house of ill-fame, and then ran away with a man. The child ran away after living there some time, and when she was recaptured was sold into another house of the same kind. She was allowed to escape from this place after awhile, and she came to her brother, who is an apprentice, earning about four cents (Mexican) a day, in a family who make "fan-bones," on the alley near our compound. So the women at this place brought her to me, begging me to take charge of her and keep her safe. They came in a crowd, as usual, the small boys and babies of the family tagging along, and this little twelve-year-old, Ah-kwe, promptly got down on her knees and knocked on the floor with her head, i. e., "k o w-t o w"-ed, after the proper fashion of making a humble request.



AH KWE

When I had pulled her to her feet they all began to talk very fast and excitedly to state the case. It is rather confusing sometimes, especially for one whose brain can't keep up with their tongues even when they are talking singly, but I managed to get the main ideas, and Mrs. Tsang, who usually walks in just when I need her, appeared and helped me decide what to do in the matter. We took down the facts—or rather Mrs. Tsang did—and told them if they could keep her over night, I would keep her through the next day, Sunday, and get her to the Door of Hope or the Slave Refuge as soon as possible.

Toward the end of the evening two elderly women of the neighborhood came with a good-looking, rather well-dressed woman, and had a tale to tell about the same little girl, Ah-kwe; how she had been given to the latter woman, who "was known to like children" (reminded me later of the old fox under the rocks who liked little owls); she had stolen from her benefactor, though she had always been well-treated, and been given to another family, from whom she had run away with money and valuables. They asked me to let the child come and be questioned about it in my presence. I stupidly did not recognize the name of the child or her face when she was brought in, and never knew they were lying to me until her brother and the friends from the fan-shop appeared and lingered after I had got rid of the others (with a promise to continue the case later) to tell me the real inwardness of the matter.

The well-dressed woman keeps a house in Shanghai; one of the women with her was her "middle-man," the other one, having been to me several times before for help, came to introduce her. I wonder if she will have the face to come again. Miserable old heathen! But, of course, we have to take into account their being heathen, and not able to look at these things from our point of view—also their awful poverty. Those of them like the fan-maker's wife, who was so anxious to rescue Ah-kwe, think much more about the cruel treatment the children get if they are not satisfactory, than about the awfulness of having them brought up to such a life. It is a good place out here to make observations on the difference it makes whether a country is Christian or not.

To go on with my story: I promised the brother and the fan-maker's wife to keep the child safe, so fixed up a Chinese bed for her, and all day Sunday kept her close by my side. The visitors of the evening before did not appear, but as we came back from the San Daung chapel outside the city gate, she told me she saw some of the rascals who were looking for her on the little bridge we crossed. In the evening I took her with me to the Griessers', where we went for a little English service and dinner, and so missed quite a delegation of men and women who came to the gate, we were told, looking for a chance to get her when I was out. Her step-mother ("late-mother," as the Chinese put it) was among them, and we met her on the street as we were coming from the Griessers', escorted by Mr. McNulty, Mr. Borrman and a lantern. The step-mother ran after us, calling Ah-kwe, but I turned around and told her I would not listen to her, so she took herself off. I think Ah-kwe was haunted by her step-mother's voice, as she was always thinking she heard it, and running to the window to see if anybody was coming.

Yesterday morning they made their last effort to get hold of her, coming to the gate just as I was going to school-prayers—the step-mother and a "middle-man"—and I went out and found them in the gate-house, so politely requested them to stay outside the gate till I came out. When prayers

were over (we had two long chapters from St. John; the length of the lesson being left to the discretion of the Chinese matron) I went out and found them gone—to the police-station, our old one-eyed ex-policeman at the gate said. I was sorry to miss the chance to say a few words to them.

Then came a long consultation with the brother, the fan-lady, the old one-eye, the teacher and so on, to decide whether it was best to write a letter to the police-station or not, to forestall the stories they would tell, as they had on their side a petty official, a miserable, cringing creature, who comes regularly on high feast-days for his *cumsha,* or half-a-dollar, from us; and no doubt will continue to come. I thought best to wait till they made a move, but old one-eye was anxious to save his own skin, so was allowed to go and state the facts at the police-station. So the "late-mother" and her tribe got the worst of it, and were afraid to come again.

I was warned that Chinese outsiders might say the foreigners were kidnapping children, but I felt quite justified in running the risk in the case of this child, since her brother had begged me to take her. The case was talked over in the tea-shops of the neighborhood, Mr. Tsu said, and it was supposed that I paid Ah-sz, the brother, a sum of money for her. The brother showed so much affection for his little sister and was so anxious to have her safe that I liked him for it, and the fan-lady took as much interest as if it had been her own child, and gave her some of her own clothes, poor as she is. Mrs. Tsang contributed clothes, too, and yesterday I gave Ah-kwe a bath (she had been allowed a bath once a week, but if she used any soap they pinched her, and the black and blue spots were still in evidence). She seems a naturally nice clean child, outwardly and inwardly, and loves to put things in order. She washed the borrowed clothes she had worn very nicely, so as to return them to the owner. She fixed up the box I gave her for a trunk, wrapping everything in paper and putting in her collection of toilet articles, consisting of haircombs, tiny looking-glass, hairstrings of bright red worsted, an old toothbrush, which is a necessity for the hair, and a fine-comb—the latter two contributed by me, with a toothbrush for her teeth, which I bought for her later, with instructions not to use other people's toothbrushes or wash-cloths, nor to lend her own to others. "For fear they may run off with them," she agreed, understandingly. I explained.

She confided to me in the course of one conversation, "It's better to eat the (Christian) doctrine than to eat the vegetable" (i. e., diet of vegetarian Buddhists). She evidently thought, at any rate, that it was better to "eat the doctrine" than to "chuh koo" (eat bitterness), as she had been doing. She learned one little hymn, "Chuh kyau pi-ts chuh soo wan hau," and began on another before she left me, or I left her rather, as I did in Shanghai this afternoon at the Door of Hope, which is run by a saint of a woman, and has a department in the country for girls of her size, where they can go to school and learn various useful things without associating with the older inmates of the Door of Hope. When I said good-bye to her she wiped away a tear from each eye with a corner of the small handkerchief I had pinned on her dress (her short-coat, I should say), and my eyes felt the same way, for somehow I had taken a great liking for the little girl, and we had been very intimate companions for two days, as I told you. She was as good and obedient a child as you could ask, and

that, taken with her studiousness, and her neatness, her bright responsive way and sensible ideas about things, make her seem to be a very promising little girl. She knows how to do things, too—makes her own shoes and so on. She asked me a most astonishing question before I came away—wanted to know which was to wash her face with, the towel I gave her or the wash-cloth! In the land where one cloth serves every purpose till it is worn out, and long after it is *black*, such a distinction was astounding.

When I was looking over some Bible pictures on Sunday with her, we came to the one of the rich man taking the poor man's lamb, and I showed her how the poor man's family were holding back the lamb, and the rich man's servant pulling it away from them.

"Just like me!" said this Chinese lamb, "they are trying to get me away."

"Big brother" followed us to the corner as we left for the station this morning, giving her all sorts of charges about being diligent and minding what she was told, and telling her how favored she was. He had remarked twice that he wanted her to go to heaven with me! How disappointed I shall be if she doesn't turn out a fine woman!

## *A Sequel*

Ah-kwe (or Kwe-sung, as we must call her now, since Ah-kwe is only the diminutive) has visited me once since going to the Children's Home, where she still lives. She has written me several letters which show that she is mastering the art of writing the difficult Chinese characters. She often speaks with concern of her brother, and hopes he will become a Christian. She has learned to embroider, and Miss Bonnell, who is in charge of the institution, lately sent me a beautiful doily done by her, saying, "She is happy at this work and industrious, and spends carefully the little money she earns at it." Miss Bonnell also says, "I see what a masterful little body she would have been if the love of God, with its softening and chastening, had not come into her life. She has, I think, a true purpose to be a child of God, and one can appeal to her on that ground."

The Junior Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, Troy, Pennsylvania, has adopted Kwe-sung as its special charge, and has just sent its first offering for her support. The question now is of a good school where she can get a suitable education, spending part of her time at books, and part at industrial work.

# BOB, THE HALF-BREED

## AN ARTICLE FOR BOYS WHO THINK AND FEEL

*By Archdeacon Stuck*

THIS is not the story of a real boy, because I do not believe in writing and publishing stories of real boys. THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS has a wide circulation and gets to the schools and the mission stations, and real boys whose stories have been written are likely to read about themselves, and I don't think it is a good thing for boys to read about themselves too much. There was once a little girl who took physiology lessons at school to such effect that her mother wrote to the teacher, "Dear Teacher, Please don't learn Sally any more about her innards, it makes her proud!"

So I am going to write about an imaginary boy, but I give you my word that all the details which I shall tell you about this imaginary boy come from my memory, and not from my imagination. There have been many such boys in the interior of Alaska, and there are many such boys now. Indeed, quite a part of the work that the Church is doing is the rescuing of such boys and giving them a decent chance in life.

Bob's father was a white man and his mother was an Indian woman. Soon after Bob was born his father went off and has never been heard of since. There have been white men in Alaska—there are some still—who make a habit of doing this sort of thing. So Bob's mother was left with a little half-breed baby, and no one to make a living for it. By and by she married an Indian man, and then there came Indian children, so that Bob grew up with half-brothers and sisters who were not quite like himself, and he was soon old enough to notice the difference and wonder about it.

*Looking at the world with friendly eyes. Shall we not give him a chance in life?*

Indian childhood is a very free and easy thing; the parents love their children, I think, quite as dearly as white people love their children, and yet in a very different way. If a white mother sees her child getting dirty she runs out, snatches up the child and washes and scrubs it, but if an Indian mother sees her child getting dirty she smiles sweetly at him and lets him go on getting dirtier still! They play with the dogs and roll around with the pups, and have games that are imitations of the pursuits of their elders, such as hunting and fishing and trapping; they shoot wonderfully well with bows and arrows and do more "boy scout stunts" than the average boy scout knows of or ever will know of—and are very happy, undisciplined youngsters indeed. In the winter time they revel in the snow. Clad in tattered coats and jerkins of

muskrat or caribou fur, with fur caps tied over their heads and their ears, and bright-beaded moccasins on their feet, they plunge headlong into the sand-like snow-drifts and hide from one another by burying themselves completely. Then, with a wild shout of glee, they heave up the superincumbent snow and dart out to seek another hiding-place. Sledding and tobogganing, with screams and whoops of laughter and enjoyment, come to these Arctic youngsters in the crisp, cold winter; and when the short day is done and the hasty meal is eaten, they roll up in a blanket just as they are and sleep until their exhausted natures are revived again. Think of the delight of never having to bother about dressing and undressing!

As the children grow older they begin to have hard tasks to perform; very often tasks that are altogether beyond the proper strength of a child. The bringing of water from a water-hole in the frozen river, carrying the heavy buckets up the steep bank, two buckets slung from a yoke that goes across the shoulders; the splitting of the tough spruce wood for the stoves, and often the sawing of it with saws that are longer than themselves, put a great burden upon the native youth as soon as he begins to be old enough to be of any service. It is amusing to see a small boy handling a team of dogs, any one of which is big enough and hungry enough to eat him; calling out his commands and plying his whip, and I never see it without realizing that man is indeed the lord of creation—even a very little man—and wishing that white boys in general might have the same wholesome lesson of mastery and responsibility which driving and feeding the dog-team brings. But the utter careless intimacy of native life, that knows no reticence or restraint, soon begins to give a quick, bright boy lessons in evil that white boys are commonly shielded from. Our half-breed boy is loved by his mother, but not much more than tolerated by his native stepfather. The heavy end of the domestic work begins to fall upon him, and the father prizes him only as he is able to relieve him of what would otherwise be his own tasks; in a little while our half-breed Bob has become almost a slave.

HARD WORK

Bob's home is in one of the native villages where there is a school. He may go occasionally to the classes, but on one excuse or another, much of the time he will be forced to be absent. Manners he will have none; courtesy and politeness he will know nothing of; a rough, rude little chap, he will have little more to look forward to than the few minutes he can snatch for play, and the coarse and often insufficient food which his growing strength demands.

There is very little future before such a boy. Presently his father's blood, stirring in his veins, will bring to his consciousness a sharper recognition of the difference between himself and the other children; will give him a shy and shamefaced leaning toward the society of such white men as

"THEN THE LAUNCH 'PELICAN' COMES ALONG"

he comes in contact with—and as a rule the white men that he is likely to come in contact with in a native village are such as will have a bad rather than a good influence on him. He will probably learn to curse and swear, to chew tobacco and drink whiskey, and the deliberate viciousness of a white man will soon be added to the unconscious uncleanness of the Indian.

Then the launch *Pelican* comes along, in charge of a missionary who has long had his eyes on this boy. Perhaps the first attempt will not succeed in securing him; the stepfather is loathe to lose his service; the mother has a natural maternal reluctance to part with him; but sooner or later it will be as the boy elects. If Mr. Missionary on the launch *Pelican* has succeeded in attaching the boy to himself in any measure, or in planting some seed of ambition for better things, in awakening some feeling of self-respect that revolts against the hopeless prospect before him—he will get that boy sooner or later. And it may be he will not stand on any great ceremony as regards family wishes if the boy himself have the desire to go to school, but will just touch at the village and take him along. He will have to be judge as to whether that is justifiable or not.

Perhaps he will take him to the boarding-school at Nenana, and here the boy will enter upon a totally different life. He will become a member of a large family of children, all of whom have learned to submit themselves to the discipline of school, and are beginning to appreciate the pleasures of knowledge. It is likely that up to this time he knows very little English, and that little mostly bad English—the blackguardly talk that he has picked up from deckhands on the steamboats, from white men driving dogs, or from "smart Aleck" young Indians who are proud of profanity and vulgarity.

But he will soon forget all this in an atmosphere where it is not used nor tolerated; will learn to keep himself clean, to care for his clothes, to be proud of his neat appearance in school, and a new and almost unrecognizable Bob will arise. He will learn terms of politeness in his intercourse with the ladies of the school, will learn to say, "If

you please," and "No, thank you," "Good-night" and "Good-morning," "Will you allow me?" and "Will you excuse me?" "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." He will be with a number of other half-breed children, for our boarding-schools tend to become half-breed schools by reason of the greater and more appealing demand which these neglected offspring of the white men make. He will not forget the useful native arts, but will be taught the business of fishing in the summer time, and even to some extent the business of hunting and trapping in the winter time; he will learn something of carpentering and blacksmithing when the time comes, as well as ordinary school work, and watchful eyes will be kept over him, that if he show extraordinary promise and his mind and character develope so as to give hope of his being exceptionally useful, he may by and by have opportunity of pursuing his studies further than they can be pursued in Alaska at present. And most important of all, there will be thrown around him the sweet influence of women who, loving God themselves, desire nothing so much on earth as to be able to implant that love in others; he will grow familiar with the whole beautiful story of the life of our Lord Jesus, and will be led to try to make that life the example for his own.

I have known many such boys, and know many of them yet. We have them at Anvik and we have them at Nenana, and I have my eyes on others up and down the river, to whom, when the time comes, I shall seek to give the advantages that these children are enjoying. There is no greater pleasure that comes to me in the North than my visits to the schools where such boys are sent, with the glad recognition at each visit of improvement in behavior and knowledge and character. Both these schools are poverty-stricken, struggling every year to make both ends meet (and if I might repeat a very old joke, I would say that we have to make one end—often by far the longer end—*fish!*); anxiously asking for a little money for this improvement or for that. Everything costs so much in Alaska that we get along as best we can with all sorts of makeshifts, but the work is hampered and its influence for good limited thereby.

I have often thought that if I were a boy "outside" enjoying all sorts of privileges of education and training, of cultured home and loving care, I would be more comfortable in my mind if I could know that in some way through my own effort or influence some other boy might have a share in them; some other boy who is without them and not in the way of ever getting them by himself. I think I would sleep the warmer in my bed if I had done something to provide shelter for another; would enjoy my own food more if I had helped to put something in the mouth of some other boy; and I am quite sure that if I realized the benefits of education—and there really are some boys who do—I would feel myself more entitled to them for myself if I had helped to secure them for another.

Of course, there are young folks who never think about these things, just as there are grown folks who never think about them; who enjoy themselves to the utmost, or try to enjoy themselves to the utmost, without ever dreaming that it is *impossible* to enjoy oneself to the utmost by thinking of oneself alone.

It is to the others, to the élite, to the real and only true aristocrats, who have learned better and greater things; to the choice spirits who disdain mere greedy selfishness, to the open heart and open hand of high-bred, generous youth, that this sketch of the boy waiting and watching on the banks of the Yukon for the *Pelican* to come along and give him a chance in the world, is addressed; in

the confidence that some of them are waiting and watching for the opportunity to work with us for such boys. A hundred dollars a year will almost support one such boy.

There is one other word that I want to add, and I admit that in adding it I have in my mind specially some of the boys I have lately been permitted to address at our important and select private schools—the sort of schools known as "public schools" in England.

Why should not boys of this class kindle at the vision of service to mankind which work amongst the little peoples of the world offers? Why should they not spurn the prospect of mere aggrandizement and enrichment of themselves, or mere search for pleasure as life vocations, and taking their courage in their hands, resolve to devote themselves to the cause of the "younger-brethren" races. These little peoples, however crude and raw and even repulsive they may be upon a superficial view and to a fastidious taste, have real contributions to make to the future of mankind, and, almost without exception, those who have worked amongst them have learned to love them. They make strong appeal to chivalrous natures—whether the Igorots of the Philippines, the natives of Uganda, or the Indians and Esquimaux of Alaska—they are inarticulate save as they find some white voice to speak for them; helpless as regards their future save as they find white hearts and hands to help them.

In particular, there is crying need for medical missionaries amongst them, for young men of parts and devotion, who after thorough preparation will plunge into the work of saving them from the disastrous effects of early contact with civilization, and guide them into that world-usefulness which, many of us believe, lies before them. There is no "career" in the usual sense, in such a calling, no building up of remunerative and lucrative practice; none of the common inducements of the medical profession; then why should not fortunate youths, who by the accident of birth are placed above the need of such inducements, give themselves freely and wholly to this splendid life? Has not mankind a right to look to its fortunate and privileged classes for a contribution towards the solving of its sore problems? Who is there that does not *have* to work for a living, that will take up this onerous work; who does not *have* to make money, that will disdain money-making and give, not money, but self?

"PLAYING HOUSE" AT FT. YUKON, ALASKA
*Five of these children are half-breeds*

# LIFE IN THE AFRICAN "BUSH"

Boys who know their Rider Haggard will remember in one of his tales of adventure the weird "tap! tap!" of the tiny drums which sounded from tree-top to tree-top across the forest in the silence of the African night, bringing fear to the trembling white captives of one of the Bush tribes. One of our Liberian missionaries was visiting us the other day and we asked him whether the story of this drum-language was true. He assured us that it was, and gave us some other interesting details of life in the African bush, especially as it has to do with children, which we here pass on to our young readers in his own words.

BOYS in this country have their drums, but I wonder if they ever use them for the same purpose that the natives of the Liberian "Bush" use theirs. They have a more or less complete code of drum-language by which they can send messages to each other. A missionary spending the night in one of the villages of the "Big Bush" heard a drum conversation of rather a disquieting nature between a drummer of the village in which he was stopping and one in a neighboring town. An obliging native translated.

"Rat-tat-tat," spoke one drum; "we can beat you; come over and fight."

"Rub-adub-dub," snapped the answer, "*we* can beat *you;* you don't dare come over here!"

"Rat-tat-tat," snarls the first drum, "we have always beaten you; you should come to us."

And so on until bedtime, when sentries are posted and the rest of the village goes to sleep.

In this country we sometimes give the women the credit for doing most of the talking. It would be strange to live in a country where the men did all the talking, and yet this is the case in Africa. The women and children do the work in the field, while the men for the most part gather in what is called the "palaver house" and discuss the current topics of the day.

The native children in Liberia do not have the happy, care-free time that it is generally supposed children living in the "bush" have. This is especially true of the girls. When a girl is four or five years old she begins to help her mother in the duties which fall to the women of the tribe. These consist of spinning—for the women spin all the cloth and the men wear it—farming, preparation of food, and almost all the other hard labor connected with their very simple life.

The boy has a little better time than the girl. He begins to play at war as soon as he is able, and it is a proud day for him when he is asked to join the men of the village in some war-like expedition.

The children are usually pretty strong, for it is only the strongest that can live through the first few years of their existence. When very young they are often given doses of pepper and herbs. And one missionary saw a very young baby stuffing rice down his throat!

The greatest terror lies in their religion. They are surrounded by evil spirits from their birth to the grave. In many cases they feel they have to propitiate these spirits, if they cannot deceive or evade them in some other way. What a comfort it is to these people to hear of the religion of the one true God, who has power over all spirits and can assure peace to His children! Is it any wonder we want to send missionaries to them to tell them about the great and good Spirit?

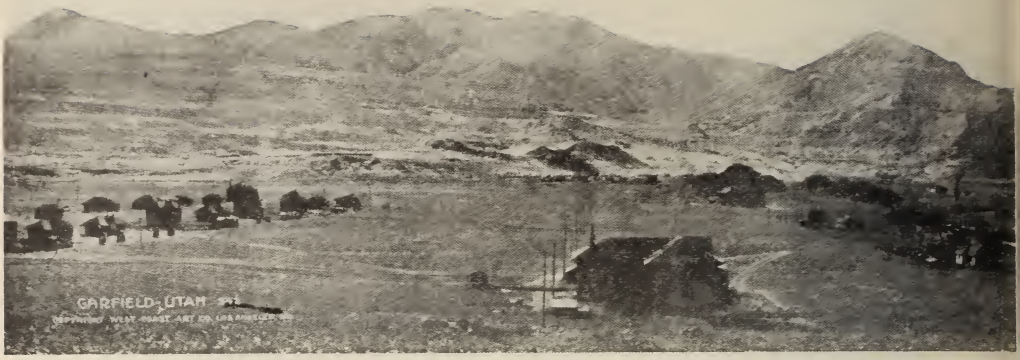
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GARFIELD, UTAH

# UTAH FROM AN AEROPLANE

*By the Rev. Maxwell W. Rice*

Under the guise of a "personally conducted" trip in a flying machine, the author of the following article gives his readers a bird's-eye glimpse of part of Utah. It does not profess to cover our work in that immense field, but it leaves a vivid impression, both of the natural beauties of the state and of the difficulties which beset our work there in the peculiar conditions which exist. As the Bishop of Utah recently wrote, "The Mormon religion, which two-thirds of the people profess, is more than a 'way of thinking'—it pervades the social and industrial life of the state." It behooves the Church to do what she may to make of Utah a Christian commonwealth.

OUR machine starts from the Emery House at the University of Utah, and as we soar above the university campus, we have a glorious view of Salt Lake City—with its huge blocks, seven to the mile; its wide streets in straight lines east and west, north and south. Each street is lined with Lombardy poplars, making the whole city look like a huge park, excepting in the business district, where a few small skyscrapers rise above the green. The city is now far beneath us and we can look over the great valley stretching west to the Salt Lake. Turning north we skirt the edge of the Wasatch Mountains, still snow-clad, and after a flight of forty miles we pass over Ogden, the second largest city in Utah. Here our Church is doing a splendid community work, but we cannot stop, and must keep straight on north for another sixty miles, following up the Bear River into Cache Valley until we come to Logan.




PANORAMA OF GARFIELD, UTAH, AND

*Half way up the Wasatch Mountains may be seen the beach mark left by the receding lake in the dim past.*

Here we alight in front of St. John's Church, with its fine plant and club for the students of the State Agricultural College, and for the boys attending the Mormon High School, known as the "Brigham Young College." Logan is a typical Western college town, filled with young men from the farms throughout the state, almost all of them able to ride wild horses or break in bronchos, and little afraid of things that would terrify "tenderfeet" from the East. By joining the Common Room Club in St. John's House, they can have the use of the club building with its library, its pool table, its shower baths and tennis courts.

In Logan is one of the four Mormon temples of Utah, and a large tabernacle, so it is a very strong Mormon center. It took years of hard work to start this club among the students, and to persuade people to study Christianity in our schools, instead of the peculiar and often false teachings of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, but there are now thirty in the club, which has some twelve hundred visitors each month.

Now that we have seen some of the work we are doing among students in Utah, let us turn the machine about and visit a mining camp.

To do this we must go south some hundred and eighty miles to Eureka, crossing the eastern edge of the Great Salt Lake. You have probably read descriptions of this inland sea; but its beauty is more wonderful than any description. We can see two islands in it, each bearing a mountain over 2,600 feet in height, and looking purple in the morning or afternoon light. We can see also the great American desert, with perhaps sand-storms in the distance, warning us to keep due south down the Toole Valley to the Tintic Mines at Eureka, in the mountains.

Eureka lies in a stupid canyon, from which we gain no view that compares with those we have already seen. Our mission here will seat about seventy people, but we seldom have more than twenty-five at our Sunday services. One reason is that the men work in shifts of eight hours, because the work in the mines never ceases, day or night. Each man changes his hours of work every two weeks to eight hours earlier. For two weeks a man will go to work at seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, when the next shift comes in to relieve him. This man, two weeks later, will be on

THE SHORE OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE

*At the right is seen the mountain on Stansbury Island, nineteen miles out in Great Salt Lake.*

the "graveyard" shift, working from eleven at night until seven in the morning. You can easily see how this hurts the attendance at church, for men work Sundays and Christmas and Easter as well as week days. Two weeks in every six, each man has to work instead of going to church, and for two weeks more he is too sleepy, after working on the "graveyard" shift, to stay awake even through the most interesting sermon or service. But the children do not work, and we have forty in Sunday-school.

We will ask one of the men attending the church to take us into his mine. It looks like a hole going into the ground with a small track on which run little cars three feet wide, on which the ore is sent out from the mines. The hole is about seven feet high and about the same width, and in a few steps we are in total darkness except for the light which we wear on our hats. Sometimes the tunnels run several miles under ground, and often the track is laid on different levels so as to reach the veins of ore wherever they go through the mountain.

The miner as he goes to work picks up an acetylene candle, fills it carefully, lights it, and puts it in his hat; he takes from the powder-house a box of dynamite sticks, a box of caps, and several yards of fuse, his drills and his heavy hammer. When he reaches the vein of ore—it may be silver or gold or lead—he drills holes into it, puts a charge of dynamite in each hole, cuts the fuse into different lengths so that each charge will blow off at a different time, primes a cap over the fuse, which is then set into the dynamite stick, lights each fuse and hurries away, to be well out of reach of the shower of rock that comes after each carefully primed blast. As the dynamite blows off he counts the explosions, and does not return to his work until he is pretty sure each stick of dynamite has gone off. But some men are not skilful, or miscount the explosions, and on returning too soon to the drills are met by a delayed explosion, and are either killed or lose a hand or a leg or part of their face. In St. Mark's Hospital each week I visit some such unfortunate men, for there are many mines in Utah, and each day some men are hurt. If no such accident happens, the ore is safely loaded into the little cars by the "muckers" and pushed to the entrance of the mine.

In our flying machine we will now follow the ore from the mine, along



SALT LAKE CITY FROM THE COURT HOUSE

the railroad to Garfield, where it is smelted—the gold and silver is taken out of the rock by various processes and shipped to the market to be sold.

The Church is working here among the men who handle the ores taken from the mines. I wish I might stop to tell you something about it, but to-day we have really had time to visit only some of the work for college men and that among miners and their families. We have many missionary activities besides these: among the farmers, as at Plain City; for the communities at Ogden, Salt Lake City and Provo; for Indians at Duchesne, White Rocks and Randlett; for mill and smelter hands at Garfield; and I have said nothing about my own work at the University of Utah, in Salt Lake City, where we have an even finer plant than at Logan.

I trust that my readers have enjoyed this "personally conducted" flight over Utah, and will some day follow it up by seeing these things for themselves. It may even occur to some of them to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God by offering themselves as workers in Utah or some other difficult field. It is all the same work, but Utah needs it very much just now.

# DAVID: A MEMORY

*By Eleanor B. Peabody*

THE most interesting, if not the happiest period of my life, was that spent at St. Mary's School, Rosebud, when both boys and girls were pupils. They tell me it is much nicer now, with girls only, but I am unconvinced, and thankful that my day came before the change.

So many memories! It is hard to choose. There was Angelique of the hot temper, stinging tongue and tender heart. The girls' matron used to say, "I don't have to scold the girls any more, I just keep still and Angelique does it for me." Or there was Alice of the maternal heart, who, reading the files of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, longed to adopt an abandoned Chinese girl baby, and "give it a decent bringing up." She had written her letter to the orphanage, when her cousin Jesse, who liked to tease quite as well as some white boys I have known, suggested that it would be difficult to get an adequate supply of rats and mice out there on the prairie, and the letter was torn up in disgust, though she later admitted that it was no worse for Chinese children to eat rats than for Dakotas to eat dogs.

Most interesting of them all, perhaps, was David Aupatee, who came to us, a wan wisp of a child, with a face far too old for his eight or ten years, a lame hip which made it almost impossible to attend government day school, and the reputation of being incorrigible, given to violent outbursts of temper, and hopelessly stupid in school. He was not a promising pupil, but there was no question about accepting him. He had no known living relatives, and had lived here and there, as chance and charity directed, "lived with" some one always, and really never lived at all. His need was surely greater than that of some other one who must be reluctantly sent away.

For weeks it seemed a hopeless case, morally and mentally, as it certainly was physically; he was morose and suspicious, and gave us ample evidence of violence of temper. Not infrequently we found him hidden away under bench or table, aquiver from head to foot, his eyes those of some hunted wild thing at bay. We attributed it to physical suffering, until Angelique came into the schoolroom one day, ablaze with indignation: "Those Indian boys are just too cruel to live! All those strong ones teasing one poor little sick one!"

Inquiry revealed that, safely out of sight in play hours, the boys had

*This is* not *David; it is not even a Dakota lad, but it* is *an Indian boy who came, lame and miserable, to a mission hospital and was healed.*

amused themselves by teasing David, just to see him fly into one of his fits of wild rage; his fruitless efforts to punish his tormentors with crutch and cane adding to their sport.

A summary end was, of course, made to the actual teasing; there followed the far harder task of implanting in the hearts of our young savages the ideal of Christian manliness; the novel idea that there is truer bravery in overcoming the evil in one's own heart than in slaying many living foes; that the strong should put their strength into caring for the weak.

The Indian boy doesn't like to be called a coward any better than his white brother, and is perhaps even less ready to admit his fault; but our boys were finally led to see what they had done, and to take the one way to right the wrong. From being the target of all their jests, David became the object of special solicitude, the boys vying with one another in "being good to him," the older ones especially devising plays in which he could join, sharing treasures with him, and seeing that he did not overdo in his pitiful attempts to "do just like the other boys."

This change, of course, was gradual; much less so and far more wonderful was the change in David; his blossoming out in an atmosphere of kindness was most pathetic. With the relaxation of nervous tension the fits of temper disappeared, and there followed a mental development really wonderful. Soon the seemingly hopelessly stupid boy was one of our brightest, certainly the most eager and enthusiastic of our pupils. His thirst for knowledge and delight in learning seemed boundless.

Music was a passion with him, and the hymns he learned his dearest treasures. He had no voice, poor little lad, but he did certainly "make a joyful noise"—quite as acceptable at the Throne of Grace, no doubt, as the most finished performance could have been. Skill with pencil and crayon he had too—a born cartoonist, we used to say. The day's small happenings were sketched on the blackboard as readily as we might talk them over. His animals were not just horses and cows, but Blackie, who *would* stick his head up too high to be bridled; or Brindle, wasteful of milk, who, the farmer indignantly would say, would "try to kick the Angel Gabriel off the moon, if she saw him sitting there."

On one of the first warm days in early spring, the boys were given permission to go on a Saturday afternoon to the point they most liked to visit—the "big hill," too far away for a school-day tramp. There was a cave high up the hillside, its entrance strewn most interestingly with bones, ancient and modern. That day the boys tried, from the largest to the least, to crawl into the opening; it was not until David eagerly begged "to be next" that they realized he had been allowed to take the forbidden long walk, with its steep climb at the end. Small as he was, he could not

A PLAYHOUSE OF OLD BRICKS
*St. Mary's School is seen in the background*

get in, and finally the school baby, six-year-old Harry, reluctantly made his way in—"I go till it all dark—I see eyes shining, then I come back quick," he told us.

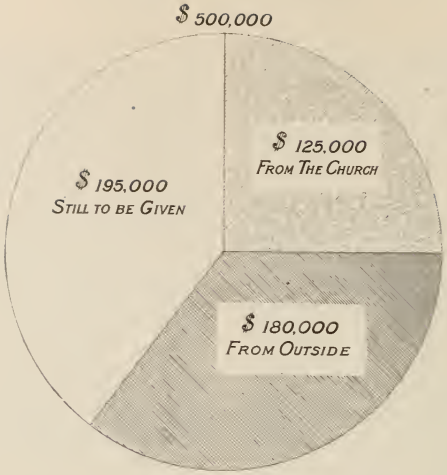
Though the older ones insisted on a long rest and a leisurely return, David was quite worn out and fell asleep in his chair at the supper table. When the matron made her rounds next morning after the ringing of the rising bell (5:30 a. m.!), David was still in bed; no, not sick, he said, it didn't hurt at all—just tired; so he was bidden to sleep as long as he liked At nine he was resting apparently in peaceful sleep, but going up at recess time we found him tossing in delirium; soon he sank into unconsciousness, and the end came mercifully soon; to the last, he seemed to find comfort in clinging to the hand of his teacher or the matron.

The Indians at that time had still the superstitious dread which led them to abandon immediately any dwelling in which death had occurred. We rather dreaded telling the children, fearing an epidemic of "running away." So the older ones were rather puzzled when, at Morning Prayer, David's favorite hymn, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," was sung. Then they were told that the tender Shepherd had in the night called David "from death into life." Some of the prayers from the Burial Office were read. It was a great relief and comfort to hear the comments when they had filed back to the sitting-rooms: "David isn't lame any more"—"I guess David very happy now"—"I'm glad for David."

We, too, were "glad for David"; glad for his release from certain pain and an uncertain future; more glad that the boy who had come to us a few months before a sullen, embittered, hopeless heathen, left us as a happy, loving child, full of faith and hope, with a heart brimming over with gratitude to all who had befriended him; most of all, to the "Friend of Little Children," to whom he had loved to sing. But I think our greatest joy was that the others had been taught through him some of the most important lessons in Christian living and doing, and that it had been given us to be used, to some degree, in the process.

Harry came to me, a little awe-struck, "I sorry I didn't 'do unto' David better." That is what I, also, had been feeling.

# THE APPEAL FOR ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL TOKYO




## TOTAL AMOUNT REQUIRED, $500,000

THE shaded portion of the diagram shows the amount of the gifts from persons not of our own Communion. Apparently they have caught the vision of this great opportunity more clearly than our own people. At any rate, they have given $180,000 fo our missionary equipment in Tokyo.

Are Churchmen doing their share in providing the means to build the new St. Luke's? Of course, the hospital, in ownership and control, must remain in the hands of our missionary authorities. To maintain this standard, the response from the Church should be prompt and generous.

The hospital stands fundamentally in Japan as a practical working demonstration of the Christian religion, Christian principles and Christian life—not philanthropy, not humanitarianism, not scientific research. Naturally, the Japanese look to us to *demonstrate* Christianity as well as preach it. We have never had a greater single opportunity in the Far East to demonstrate the sincerity of our religious life here in America than by the prompt building of this hospital. There are forces at work in the East which will remove this opportunity from our control if we dally with it, are laggard in our faith and slow in our response. Serious attention should be given to this at once, and the appeal for the new hospital completed.

### We Must Act Vigorously and We Must Act at Once

Gifts on account of the $195,000 still needed to complete the hospital fund should be sent to Mr. George Gordon King, Treasurer, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City, marked "Special for St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo."

The full amount needed should be in hand not later than June 1st.

### The $195,000 Still to Be Given Can Be Divided as Follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maternity Ward | $10,000 | Quarters for Doctors | $6,000 |
| Surgical Department | 15,000 | Nurses' Home | 19,500 |
| Two Women's Wards | 20,000 | Electrical and Medical Apparatus. | 10,000 |
| Two Men's Wards | 20,000 | Administration Building | 25,000 |
| Private Rooms (15 at $1,500) | 22,500 | | $196,000 |
| Psychopathic Ward | 10,000 | | |
| Laboratory | 30,000 | One Room in Nurses' Home | 250 |
| Chapel | 8,000 | To Furnish One Free Bed | 1,000 |

# VI. HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO PENNSYLVANIA

*By the Rev. Llewellyn N. Caley, D.D.*

## *I. The Colonial Church in Pennsylvania*

NO diocese in the United States has played so important a part in the historical development of the Episcopal Church in our country as that of Pennsylvania. In 1682, William Penn, a wealthy and accomplished English Quaker, landed, with a large and well-equipped colony from England, on the bank of the Delaware River and called the town he founded "Philadelphia," or Brotherly Love, and the great tract of land which the King had granted to him he named Pennsylvania, or the forest land of Penn. Fortunately, he found his land occupied by Indians of a similar spirit to that of his own people; for the Delawares, having been defeated by their fierce northern neighbors the Iroquois, were not in a fighting mood. His own good-will and fair spirit gave them confidence, and led to an honorable treaty being signed. Thus Penn's colony was spared the period of privation and want through which all the others had passed, and therefore was strong from the start and developed rapidly through the constant coming of fresh colonists.

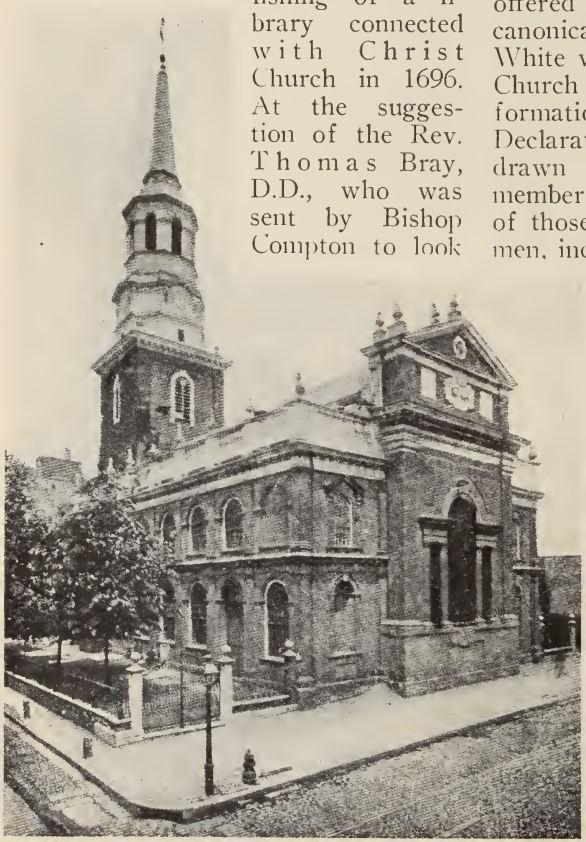
For many years the growth of the Church in the colonies was very slow, but it spread by degrees through Virginia and Maryland to Carolina, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania the Quakers were strongly opposed to the Church, but according to the charter of the colony granted by Charles II in 1681, they were obliged to permit a church to be erected if a sufficient number signed a request for one. At the suggestion of the Right Rev. Henry Compton, D.D., Bishop of London, it was provided that he should have power to appoint a chaplain for the service of any congregation consisting of not less than twenty residents who might desire such a minister. In 1695 the required number of devoted laymen met in Philadelphia, organized themselves into a congregation, appointed a vestry, bought a piece of ground, and built Christ Church. Within the year the Bishop of London sent the Rev. Thomas Clayton to take charge of what became the mother church of all the churches in the Province of Pennsylvania.

So, in 1695, Christ Church was built, and being blessed with good

BISHOP COMPTON

rectors, began to exert so great an influence in the community that within a few years several hundred were baptized, and in 1702 there was a congregation of five hundred persons. Among all the buildings in this country around which sacred and national associations cluster, there is none more interesting than Christ Church, for it is a cradle of the American nation as it is a cradle of the American Church. Washington worshiped there, the first General Convention of our Church was held there, and there the Prayer Book was adopted. The present church was erected in 1727.

One of the most interesting features with reference to the founding of the Church in Pennsylvania was the establishing of a library connected with Christ Church in 1696. At the suggestion of the Rev. Thomas Bray, D.D., who was sent by Bishop Compton to look after the Church in the Colonies, a "Parochial Library" of three hundred volumes was provided by the Church in England "for the use of the missionaries he should send to America."



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

Owing to the missionary enterprise of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, many missions were established in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and thus during the first half of the eighteenth century the Church grew and became fairly strong, both in the city and country districts; one country church, St. Paul's, Chester, was built in 1702.

When the Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall in the year 1776, it was an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Jacob Duché, D.D., rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, who offered the opening prayer in full canonicals; and the Rev. William White was its regular chaplain. The Church was very prominent in the formation of the new government; the Declaration of Independence was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, a member of the Church, and two-thirds of those who signed it were Churchmen, including such men as Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, John Jay, James Madison, and Robert Morris. Also two-thirds of those who framed the Constitution of the United States were members of the Church, many of them being resident in Philadelphia.

Notwithstanding the loyalty of Churchmen to the cause of the new nation, no religious body was so seriously affected by the war as the Church, because many of the clergy, all of whom had been ordained in England, felt that they could not loyally support the Revolution, and so resigned their parishes. But the Society for

THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

the Propagation of the Gospel pursued the generous policy of continuing the stipends of its missionaries during the war. This added very materially to the strength of the Church when peace was restored. Nevertheless, her condition then was very discouraging, there being only about a hundred clergy in the land. It may seem strange that the Church was not stronger, having been in the country over one hundred and seventy years; there were, however, three causes which accounted for this:

(1) The majority of colonists were Dissenters. (2) There had been no bishops, and therefore no confirmation in the Colonial Church. (3) Because of the difficulty and danger attending the voyage to London for ordination, many earnest young men entered the ministry of other religious bodies.

## *II. The Birth of the American Church*

In the year 1784, at the instance of the Rev. Dr. White, rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, a meeting was held of the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, which was then coterminous with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. This assembly is noteworthy as in it the laity were given the rights and privileges of membership, which was a restoration of the custom of the primitive Church.

At this meeting a series of fundamental principles were set forth, which suggested that there should be a General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States, of which all the bishops would be members, and to which each State should send clerical and lay deputies; and that the Church so organized should maintain substantially the doctrine, discipline and liturgy of the Church of England.

In September of the next year, 1785, the first General Convention of the American Church was held in Christ Church, Philadelphia. There were present clerical and lay representatives from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. The Rev. Dr. White was chosen president, and the Fundamental Principles were adopted. An address was also prepared to the English archbishops, requesting them to consecrate such persons as should be recom-

mended to them by the Church in America. The address to the English Church was presented by John Adams, the American minister at the court of St. James, and the reply of the prelates was most encouraging, for they recognized the appeal as the voice of a national Church. Therefore the next year, 1786, at a General Convention held in Wilmington, Del., the testimonials of the Rev. Dr. White of Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. Provoost of New York and the Rev. Dr. Griffiths of Virginia, as recommended for consecration to the Episcopate, were signed.

Drs. White and Provoost soon sailed for England. Unfortunately, Dr. Griffiths was unable to accompany them. On reaching London they were cordially received by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the ecclesiastical authorities; and as an act of Parliament had been passed allowing bishops to be consecrated without taking the oath of allegiance to the sovereign, preparations were made for their consecration.

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INDEPENDENCE HALL

This interesting event took place on Sunday, February 4, 1787, in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and of Peterborough. Bishop White was consecrated first, and therefore he was the first bishop of the American Church to receive episcopal orders through the Church of England. No American Churchman is held in higher esteem than Bishop White, and justly so, for his moral character, his mental capacity, his loyalty to the Church, and his labors on her behalf, entitled him to stand in the front rank as one of her noblest leaders.

As Bishops White of Pennsylvania and Provoost of New York had been consecrated according to the rite of the Church of England, at Lambeth, in 1787, and Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, according to the rite of the Episcopal Church in Scotland in Aberdeen in 1784, it seemed for a time as if there might be two separate Churches in our land; but at the meeting of the General Convention, held in 1789 in Christ Church, Philadelphia, Bishop Seabury was received into union with the Convention. The present name of the Church was formally adopted, and the Prayer Book as amended was authorized to be used. The most important change in the revision was the adoption of the Scottish form of the Prayer of Consecration in the order for the Administration of the Holy Communion.

It is worthy of note that this Convention subsequently met in the State House, and in the College of Philadelphia—now the University of Pennsylvania—and that the Constitution of the Church was finally adopted in the same room in Independence Hall in which the National Constitution had been drawn up. By one the thirteen

independent states were declared to be one Nation—the United States of America; and by the others the thirteen independent diocesan organizations became one Church—the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Each was based upon a written Constitution, drawn up largely by the same men; the principles of representative government being much the same in both.

The first church to be organized for work among the negroes was St. Thomas', Philadelphia, which was founded in 1793.

As Philadelphia was the capital of the nation for several years, and the Church was well-established there, it was natural that it should have played an important part in the development of the American Church. We call attention to some of the most prominent events.

## *III. The Development of the American Church*

At the General Convention held in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, in 1821, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was formed, and its headquarters remained in that city until 1845. When the General Convention met in the same church in 1835, just fifty years after the first General Convention, it adjourned to St. Andrew's Church, and here missionary work at home and abroad received a great impetus, for every baptized member of the Church was declared to be a member of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. Thus the Church realized her true position as a great missionary organization.

The Church had seen a vision of conquest, and thus inspired she decided to return to primitive practice and to send forth missionary bishops. And so at this memorable Convention the Rev. Jackson Kemper, who for twenty years had been the assistant minister of the united parishes of

BISHOP WHITE

Christ Church, St. Peter's and St. James', was made Missionary Bishop of the Northwest, being the first missionary bishop of our Church. No man has ever done a grander missionary work for the American Church than he; for during the twenty-five years he was a missionary bishop there developed six dioceses where there had been none, and one hundred and seventy-two clergy where at first he found two. Also in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, during the Convention of 1844, the Rev. William J. Boone, D.D., was consecrated as the first missionary bishop for work in a foreign land, and soon sailed for China, where he had been laboring faithfully for many years.

Another feature of considerable interest is the fact that the first Sunday-school in the United States was started in the year 1814 by Bishop White, in connection with St. John's Church, Philadelphia. And at the General Convention held in that city in 1826 "The General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school Union" was formed, which was the beginning of real progress being made in the religious education of the young. It is

not too much to say that America was saved to Christianity by the Sunday-school, for when it began its beneficent work, unbelief and error were becoming dominant in the land. These were stayed, and the young were gathered into the Church in large numbers.

The Lenten Offering of the Sunday-schools for Missions, which has contributed so much annually for the spread of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad, was started by Mr. John Marston in one of the suburban churches of Philadelphia, in 1877, and last year over $186,000 was raised by this means. It was also in Philadelphia, at a conference held in the house of the well-known Sunday-school leader, Mr. George C. Thomas, that the first steps were taken in 1909 which led to the formation of the General Board of Religious Education.

At the General Convention held in 1865 at the close of the Civil War, which by a happy coincidence met in the City of Brotherly Love, all gathered in harmony, and united in a service of praise to God for having granted "peace to the country and unity to the Church." The Christian spirit of fraternity thus manifested by the Church gained such public respect and confidence as was not possessed by any other religious body, and was the means of bringing many into the fold. Moreover, a united Church helped considerably towards the realization of a united country.

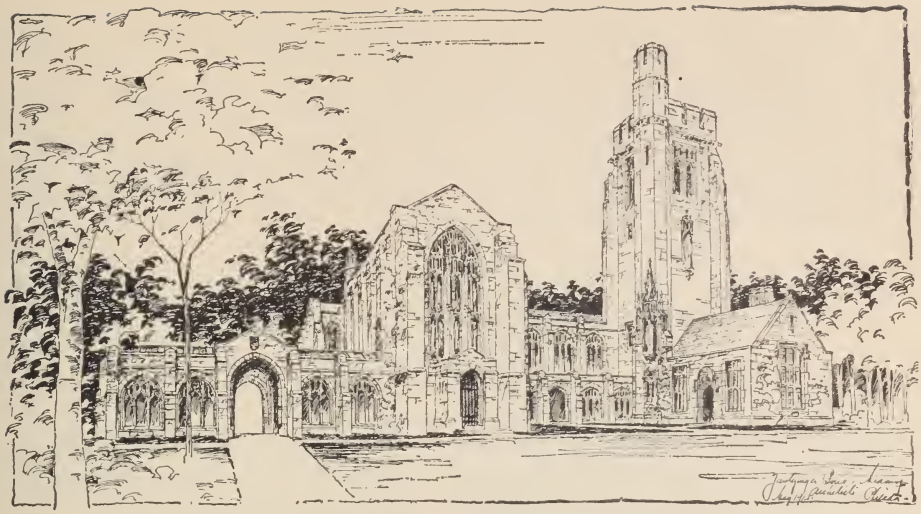
*The little church in which the Lenten Offering of the Sunday-schools originated.*

It may be of interest to some to know that Betsy Ross, who made the first Stars and Stripes, was a member of Christ Church, Philadelphia; as was also Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail, Columbia!"

From this rapid survey we learn that in the Diocese of Pennsylvania the first General Convention of the Church was held; the first Bishop of the English succession exercised Episcopal authority; the American Prayer Book was adopted and authorized to be used; the Constitution of the Church was adopted, thereby forming the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; Church work among the negroes was started; the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was formed; every baptized member of the Church was declared to be a member of the Missionary Society; the first missionary bishops of the Church were consecrated for the home and for the foreign fields; the Church was re-united after the Civil War; the first Sunday-school in the country was established, and the Lenten Offering for Missions was started. Surely this is a record of which any diocese may be justly proud and truly grateful.

## *IV. The Diocese of Pennsylvania as at Present*

The Diocese of Pennsylvania, which originally included the whole state, has within the last half century been divided into five dioceses. In 1865 the western part of the Commonwealth was organized under the name of the "Diocese of Pittsburgh," which now has a population of over two millions, including the busy city of Pittsburgh, the great center of the steel industry, with 63 clergy and 15,724 communicants. In 1871 a third diocese was formed in the middle of the state, and was called "Central



WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, VALLEY FORGE

Pennsylvania; but in 1904 this was divided into two dioceses known as "Bethlehem," which has 77 clergy, and 15,960 communicants, and "Harrisburg," which reports 75 clergy and 10,902 communicants. In 1910 the Diocese of "Erie" was formed of the then northern part of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and this "baby diocese" of the state reports 30 clergy and 8,670 communicants; while the "mother diocese," which still retains the name of "Pennsylvania"—though it includes but five counties at the extreme eastern end of the Commonwealth—reports 304 clergy and 61,589 communicants.

Thus where in 1702 there was one church with five hundred members, to-day there are five hundred and forty-nine clergy ministering to over a hundred and two thousand communicants. But as the state has a population of about seven millions, amongst whom the Bible was distributed last year in fifty-one different languages and dialects, it can easily be seen that there is still much opportunity for splendid missionary work to be done. Throughout our foreign missions we are sending the Gospel to the ends of the earth; for our home missions God is sending the ends of the earth to us; and nowhere is this so marked as in the great manufacturing and mining State of Pennsylvania.

In the Diocese of Pennsylvania as at present constituted there is a population of two millions and a half, about a quarter of whom are foreigners, and in addition there are a hundred thousand negroes. Among these various races the Church is doing what she can, especially among the Italians and the Jews; while her work among the negroes is conceded to be the largest and most hopeful carried on in any section of the United States. There is a special mission for the sailors who frequent the port of Philadelphia in large numbers, and an effort is made to reach the immigrants who land there by thousands every year. We ought also to refer to a very interesting enterprise which is partly missionary, because ministering in a rural district, and largely patriotic: namely, the noble group of Church buildings which are being erected at Valley Forge to commemorate the memorable

fact that the first President of our Nation was a Churchman—the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge. It is hoped that every diocese in our Church will be represented in this enterprise, which, when completed will be one of the finest and most notable, as well as most appropriate memorials in the country. Thus in many ways of active and aggressive service the old Diocese of Pennsylvania is seeking to fulfil its motto, and for our own great land at home and for the missionary fields abroad, to "Let Brotherly Love Continue."

# CLASS WORK ON "HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO PENNSYLVANIA"

## PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

CHURCH and State were so intimately connected in the early annals of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania that any good history, either of our country or our Church, will be found useful. We would also recommend "The Early Clergy of Pennsylvania," Hotchkin.

## THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

The recent journey of the Liberty Bell from its home in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to the San Francisco Exposition and back, will be a good point of contact. Some of your class may have seen the bell on its journey. Call their attention to the fact that the constitution of our Church was adopted in the same room in Independence Hall in which the constitution of our country was framed. Ask them if they know that the first "Old Glory" that was ever seen was made by a Church-woman, and that a Churchman was the author of "Hail, Columbia?" The first Sunday-school in the United States was held in Philadelphia in 1814 and the Lenten Offering of the Sunday-schools originated in a small church near Philadelphia, nearly forty years ago.

## TEACHING THE LESSON

### I. The Colonial Church in Pennsylvania.

1. What led to the building of Christ Church, Philadelphia?
2. What led to the growth of the Church in the neighborhood of Philadelphia?
3. Tell of the prominent part the Church took in the birth of the American nation.
4. What made the Church so weak when Independence was declared?

### II. The Birth of the American Church.

1. Give a brief account of the first General Convention of the Church.
2. Who were the first bishops of the English succession in the American Church?
3. What were the important features of the General Convention held in 1789?
4. What memorable event of this Convention took place in Independence Hall?

### III. The Development of the American Church.

1. Mention four events of great importance in the missionary work of the Church, in 1821, 1835 and 1844.
2. What part did the Diocese of Pennsylvania play with reference to Sunday-schools?
3. Where was the Lenten Offering for Missions started?
4. What very important event took place at the General Convention held in Philadelphia in 1865?

### IV. The Diocese of Pennsylvania as at Present.

1. How many dioceses are there now in the State of Pennsylvania?
2. What are they, and when were they organized?
3. What is one of the striking features of life in the State of Pennsylvania that offers such a splendid field for missionary effort?
4. Mention some of the missionary work which is being carried on in the Diocese of Pennsylvania at the present time.

# OUR LETTER BOX

*Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field*

The following, from one of our friends in Philadelphia, is particularly timely in this, the Lenten Offering number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

ON August 6, 1915, St. John's Church, Lower Merion, celebrated its Golden Anniversary. This parish is one of the landmarks of the American Church, for here, thirty-seven years ago, in the first little wooden building, the first Sunday-school Lenten Offering for Missions was gathered at the suggestion of the superintendent, Mr. John Marston. The proportions to which this Offering has now grown are familiar to all. St. John's in blessing others has blessed itself, as the little wooden church has become a beautiful group of stone buildings, comprising church, rectory and parish house, and at the completion of its first half-century of existence it seems to be at the very beginning of a long and useful period of service.

❖

Some of our Sunday-school teachers may like to have the following suggestion from one of their number in Rhode Island who has been accustomed to teaching her class by means of charts and maps:

DURING Lent I shall depart from the regular line and shall use a chart with a center picture of the Church Missions House. From that will run six lines, one for each week. At the end of these lines will be separate mission groups, i. e., Bishop Rowe and pictures illustrating his work; Bishops McKim and Tucker and their work; Bishops Roots, Graves, Huntington and their work; Bishop Restarick and his work; Bishop Biller, and so on through the missionary line, teaching the little ones that their offerings will go by way of the mite boxes to the Missions House. Every one of them can tell you where this "House" is —something many older ones cannot do. Then I teach them that from the Missions House their money will travel out on the various lines to help those bishops carry the Gospel to the people in their various lands.

❖

The rector of a church in Maine offers the following practical suggestion on the sale and distribution of the Lenten Offering Number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS:

IN St. John's Sunday-school of forty-five members, a "Children's Number" committee was organized with every teacher and child a member. A secretary-treasurer was appointed to keep account of the magazines, and *all* money—ten cents for each copy sold—was to be paid to him. Certain ones went out with sample copies and interested one or more persons in the purchase of a number of copies—two, five or ten as the case might be, who agreed to mail or send the additional copies *out of town* to isolated friends, thus not interfering with the little ones selling single copies, and also extending the influence of the magazine to places where it is as yet unknown. By so doing the two hundred copies were disposed of in the first week of Lent.

As an incentive, we agreed to send the names of the highest six on the list to the Board of Missions, to be known as the "Honor Roll." A statement was read to the Sunday-school, and five cents for each copy sold was credited to the individual's key-stone amount on Easter Day.

As a suggestion, it would seem an easy matter to follow this or a similar plan in every parish and mission of the Church and sell almost any number, at the same time increasing the circulation of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

# NEWS AND NOTES

## THE CONFERENCE OF THE SECOND PROVINCE

THE second conference of the Church Workers of the Second Province will be held, as was the first, at Hobart College, Geneva, New York, on July 5-15. The duration of the session has been increased to include nine working days, in order to give greater time for both lecture courses and study classes. In addition to the usual Sunday services and meetings, there will be a vesper service every evening, with addresses by the two pastors of the conference, the Rt. Rev. Charles Fiske, D.D., Bishop-Coadjutor of Central New York, and the Rt. Rev. Wilson R. Stearly, Bishop-Suffragan of Newark.

The Study Classes on Missions will be as follows: The Church and the Nation, Rev. Hugh L. Burleson, D.D.; Study-Class Methods, Miss E. C. Tillotson; Latin-America, Miss Margaret Hobart; The Light of the World, Dr. W. H. Jefferys; Juniors, Mrs. Kingman Robins. There will also be courses on Social Service and Religious Education, besides others to be announced later.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Rev. Augustine Elmendorf, 871 De Graw Avenue, Newark, N. J.

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A CABLE has been received at the Church Missions House bringing the sad news of the death, on January 15, from heart failure, of Mrs. B. M. Platt, the wife of our doctor at Baguio, P. I. At the time of going to press no further details have come. Mrs. Platt leaves several children. The sincere sympathy of the Church will go out to Dr. Platt and his family in this bereavement.

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THE Rising Sun Committee of Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Juniors, have done splendid work for the Children's Ward of the new St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo. They undertook to raise $10,000 of the $20,000 asked of the Junior Department of the Woman's Auxiliary for this purpose, and have nearly done so.

It is hoped that the Junior workers throughout the Church will emulate their good example and quickly complete the full amount of $20,000.

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LAST month an article by Bishop Jones appeared in this magazine on "Team Work in Utah." Before this issue was ready for the press the following note was received from a clergyman in Ohio:

> Dear Editor: I am notifying Bishop Jones that I will see to it that Trinity Episcopal Church, Roosevelt, Utah, gets a bell for its belfry and a Bible for its lectern.

It is not often that such an immediate and gratifying response is made to needs which are voiced in THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

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VARIOUS branches of the Woman's Auxiliary have been interested in the sewing school at Middlesboro, Kentucky. Mr. Manning, the rector, has sent this picture, and it is good to know that the members are taking an active interest in the sale of the Lenten Offering number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

THE Church Missionary Society of England has just celebrated the jubilee of its medical mission work. The society has eighty-five doctors and sixty-nine nurses, and heads the list of all missionary societies in this branch of the great campaign for the evangelization of the world.

After describing the geographical distribution of its medical missions, the *Church Missionary Review* says:

"At all these widely scattered strategic centers of gospel influence, our doctors and nurses are found. Into the hospitals men and women of every race are welcomed. The doctors make their calls and tour the villages, not in dog-cart or motor, but in canoes, palanquins, wheelbarrows, and hammocks, on elephants and camels, and on foot, and wherever they are or whithersoever they come they bring healing to the body, cheer to the heart, sight to the blind, and often peace and joy to the soul."

Since 1895, twenty years ago, the number of beds in Church Missionary Society hospitals has increased fivefold, from 830 to 4,036, and the number of their occupants sevenfold, from 6,432 to 45,275, while the number of visits of out-patients to the dispensaries has grown from 417,928 to 1,266,345.

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Our missionary at the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, sends us an interesting letter written on the typewriter in the Dakota language, from one of his Indian helpers:

DEAR SIR: There is something I want to ask of you. At St. Agnes' Station they think they would like to have a boys' guild in connection with the congregation and we desire to carry out this work as we are now requesting of you. They have chosen that I should attend to this matter and have selected their officers and wish to be called by this name, "St. Agnes' Junior Boys' Society."

The matters in which they need instruction, in which I am already instructing them, are these by which the Church shall be benefited: how always reverently to enter and remain in a service or guild meeting, how to sing, say the creed and versicles or at the end of a prayer always, Amen, these always with clear voice to say reverently, also that they shall learn the Ten Commandments; and now they are doing these very things and are doing and learning well. Their fathers and mothers are very glad. And then, too, we teach they should not spend money just for their own pleasure, but that they ought to help the good work of Holy Church and do their spending with regard to that. Some of our boys have not yet given us their names but if this work be approved they too will come.

Very respectfully,
ISAAC YELLOW ROBE, SR.,
*President.*

The names of the other officers and members are: Vice-president, Isaac Yellow Robe, Jr.,; secretary, Albert Small Bear; treasurer, Philip Yellow Robe; Oliver White Hat, Willie Yellow Robe, Jr., and James Search the Enemy.

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## ARE DUPLEX ENVELOPES A CERTAIN CURE?

WHAT is to be done in a case like this? "I am sorry that nothing has gone from my church for missions in the last three years, in spite of the fact that we use duplicate envelopes. Why the money has not been paid over this last year, I do not know. The rector in the other two years told me: 'The people do not know what they want to do with their money, so the treasurer and I have taken the money given for missions and *put it in the other side of the envelope.*' I was so amazed that I could not speak. Some of us are thinking of sending our money, small as it is, to the Diocesan Treasurer of the Woman's Auxiliary."

# MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS
## FEBRUARY 9, 1916

THE quarterly meeting of the Board of Missions was held on February 9, with thirty-one members in attendance, representing every province except the Eighth. In the absence of Bishop Lloyd, the Bishop of Indianapolis celebrated the Holy Communion at 9:30 in the chapel of the Church Missions House. At the business meeting following this service the Bishop of Indianapolis was elected chairman *pro tem.*

The treasurer submitted a most favorable report, showing a net increase of $35,114.08 to February 1st. This large increase is due principally to receipts from interest. The interest received from the trust funds has been largely augmented by the released income, accumulated from property in New York City recently sold for $23,593.50, which had been reserved for possible expenses that might be ordered by the municipal authorities or otherwise. Then the trust funds themselves have been increased during the past year. For the Bishop Tuttle Memorial Fund, $100,000 has been received, $41,779.94 has been aded by legacies and $50,000 given to the reserves, making a total of practically $190,000. These sums now yield about $9,000 a year. Taking into consideration, therefore, these acquisitions to principal, it seems that there is an actual increase to February 1st of about $2,500.

The legacies received during December, 1915, and January, 1916, amounted to $42,889.99.

Among the many important items of business attended to by the Board was included the consideration of its attitude toward the foundations doing philanthropic work in the East. A commission appointed by the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation had visited China recently, with the idea of establishing a medical school. They had had a conference with Bishop Graves, representatives of St. John's University, and St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai, and of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Pott, President of St. John's University, was at the meeting of the Board and voiced his interpretation of the feeling of the Church in China toward this project. The foundation has practically determined to establish a school in Shanghai, and feels that St. John's University could give great assistance by providing the students with pre-medical education, and St. Luke's Hospital by furnishing clinical experience and training. The authorities of St. John's University and St. Luke's Hospital submitted detailed statements of the amounts needed to enable these institutions to render the suggested service, which statements were approved by the Board, to be forwarded to the chairman of the China Medical Board of the Foundation, with the understanding that acceptance of the suggested help would not in any way interfere with our control of our Church institutions. It was suggested that the foundation might help the university and hospital in strengthening the departments of physics, chemistry and biology, and assisting in the scientific equipment of the laboratory of St. John's—at least to the extent of providing one-half of the cost of the new laboratory, with perhaps an annual appropriation for upkeep.

On October 29 a typhoon destroyed our mission property at Bontoc in the Philippine Islands, doing damage to the extent of $11,500. It is necessary to replace these important buildings immediately, and the Board

authorized a special appeal for that amount.

The Diocese of Arkansas had submitted for the consideration of the Board an appeal for an additional appropriation, and this request had been very carefully considered. In connection with it several interviews had been held between the Council of Advice and Archdeacon Walton of the diocese. The bishop finally submitted a statement asking for a new appropriation of $1,000 for work at Winslow, and the Board granted the appropriation.

Following the example of the Province of the Mid-West, several of the provinces are arranging for surveys of not only the missionary work done in the province but the educational and social service work as well. A survey covering the missionary work had been made by the Province of Sewanee, and was submitted for the consideration of the Board. This was read in detail and ordered printed in The Spirit of Missions. These surveys have been so illuminating that the Board adopted a resolution asking such provinces as have not yet made a survey of the missionary condition of the province to do so, if possible, and have them in the hands of the Board not later than August 1st. It is the intention of the Board to make such surveys a part of the exhibit to be presented at the next General Convention.

The survey of the Province of the Mid-West which was considered by the Board at its meeting in October, together with a request for a new appropriation of $25,000 for the work in that province, had been referred to a special committee of five drawn entirely from the West. This committee reported that it had been practically impossible to get together and suggested that both subjects be referred to the Executive Committee, which was done.

The report of the Emergency Committee showed that the gifts received to February 1st on account of this fund amounted to $432,581.79. From many quarters suggestions have been made that the Board continue the plan of asking the people of the Church to give at least one day's income in addition to their usual missionary offerings. While, for the first time in seven years, the Board is without a deficit, it still faces the fact that the full apportionment has never been raised except for the past year, and then only because of the help of the Emergency Fund. If the full apportionment were given, the Board would be able to pay all of this year's bills this year. It was felt extremely desirable to continue the idea of asking a thank-offering of one day's wage or income in addition to all missionary offerings, and a committee had been appointed at the last meeting to take this matter under consideration. The Bishop of Newark, who had so successfully led the efforts of the former Emergency Committee, had been elected chairman of the new committee, which is to be called the "One Day's Income Committee." He reported to the Board that the committee had held two meetings since its organization and that they were opening a campaign for gifts of one day's income to secure the raising of the apportionment. "It is not an inspiring thing to be asked to raise a deficit; it is a decidedly inspiring thing to have all bills paid and to have the ground cleared for a forward movement." It is hoped the Church will respond in the interest of the more than 3,000 missionaries in the home and foreign fields who are working against tremendous difficulties in the effort to extend the Kingdom of Christ.

The Board had much satisfaction in the presence of Dr. Pott, President of St. John's University, Shanghai; Dr. Reifsnider, President of St. Paul's

University, Tokyo; Archdeacon Stuck of Alaska and Archdeacon Russell of St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va. The Rev. R. W. Patton, Secretary of the Province of Sewanee, spoke of the "Mission for Missions" recently held in Chicago. The Rev. William C. Hicks, the newly elected secretary of the Province of Washington, was introduced to the Board and spoke briefly upon the outlook in the province. The Board also had the great pleasure of welcoming back at its meeting the Bishop of Massachusetts, who had been obliged to resign from its membership because of the heavy duties imposed upon him in connection with the Clergy Pension Fund. He spoke pointedly of the work of the commission.

The Board adjourned to meet again on May 10th.

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## MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The meeting of the Executive Committee preceded the meeting of the Board, with eleven out of the fifteen members present. The committee had a great deal of detailed business before it to which it gave careful consideration. The one matter which brought special gratification was the report from the Bishop of Hankow of the organization of the Board of Missions of the Church in China. This Board of Missions organized by electing a small Executive Committee, of which the Bishop of Hankow was chairman, and calling the Rev. S. C. Huang to act as General Secretary. Mr. Huang is one of our native Chinese missionaries in the District of Hankow and as such is receiving a salary from the Board. The request was made that the Board continue his salary until the end of the present fiscal year, which it very gladly and heartily did, congratulating the District of Hankow upon being able to supply a clergyman so well qualified as Mr. Huang to take the leadership in this important extension work undertaken by the Chinese Church.

The missionaries and other foreign residents in Japan have found great difficulty in having their children properly educated in that country. In order to facilitate this they have organized a grammar school in the city of Tokyo, which provides proper education at a very small cost. Our Board was asked to appropriate $500 toward the expenses of the school, which would enable the children of our missionaries to receive education at half the usual cost. As we have over twenty children eligible, the committee was very glad to make the appropriation desired.

The new appointments made were as follows: Southern Virginia, Miss Ora Harrison; Hankow, Miss Mabel B. Sibson, Mr. Thacher Souder, Sisters Raphaelle, Margaret, Ursula and Joan, of the Order of St. Anne; Kyoto, Mr. Frank D. Gifford.

The resignation of Miss Lillian Owen from the District of the Philippine Islands was accepted. Dr. Crossman, the physician in charge of St. Luke's Hospital, Ponce, in the District of Porto Rico, has resigned and it is necessary to secure a successor.

A very interesting proposition was received from Dr. H. K. D. Kumm, F.R.G.S., who is trying to throw a chain of missions across Africa. He asked the Board to co-operate with him in the establishment of a mission in the French Shari-Chad Protectorate, a country about three or four times the size of France, with strong, virile tribes inhabiting the watershed between the Nile, Congo, and Shari in the very center of Africa. About $10,000 a year would be needed in order to send a pioneer party of four missionaries. After expressing great interest in the proposition, the Executive Committee appointed a special committee of three to take the question under consideration and to report.

# ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE MISSIONARIES

### Alaska

Miss Mabel H. Pick, coming out on furlough, reached Seattle February 1st, having started from Tanana Crossing on December 14th.

### Anking

Mrs. Everitt D. Jones sailed from Shanghai on January 1st on the S. S. *Shinyo Maru* and reached San Francisco on the 26th.

### Brazil

Bishop and Mrs. L. L. Kinsolving left Washington on February 7th, via New Orleans, for Panama, en route to Brazil.

### Hankow

At the February 8th meeting of the Executive Committee, at the request of Bishop Roots, the following persons were appointed: Sisters Raphaelle, Margaret, Ursula and Joan, O. S. A., Arlington Heights, Mass., and Miss Mabel B. Sibson, of Philadelphia, all under the United Offering of the Woman's Auxiliary; Mr. Thacher Souder of St. Paul's Church, Overbrook, Philadelphia.

On January 22nd, Miss Aimee B. Drake and Miss Katharine E. Scott left from San Francisco on the S. S. *Nippon Maru.*

On December 3rd, 1915, Miss Edith Kay arrived at Shanghai, after furlough in the United States.

Sailing January 8th, on the S. S. *Tenyo Maru,* the Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Deis and the Rev. A. A. Gilman and family reached Yokohama January 25th.

### Honolulu

Miss Annie S. Dran sailed from San Francisco January 26th on the S. S. *Matsonia.*

### Kyoto

At the request of Bishop Tucker, Mr. Frank D. Gifford, of Grace Church, Elizabeth, was appointed at the February 8th meeting of the Executive Committee.

Miss Helen L. Tetlow reached her destination on January 7th, having left San Francisco via the S. S. *Chiyo Maru.*

The Rev. R. A. Walke and family, returning after furlough, sailed from San Francisco on February 5th, on the S. S. *Shinyo Maru.*

### Mexico

Sailing from New York via the S. S. *Monterey,* on January 27th, Deaconess Claudine Whitaker reached Vera Cruz on February 5th.

### Philippines

Deaconess M. Routledge and Mrs. C. C. Fuller, who sailed on the S. S. *Tenyo Maru* January 8th, reached Yokohama January 25th, en route to Manila.

### Shanghai

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. J. Taylor left for the field on the S. S. *Nippon Maru,* January 22nd.

The Rev. J. W. Nichols and family, and Mr. R. F. Wilner reached Yokohama January 25th.

### Tokyo

The Rev. James Chappell and family, who left Yokohama November 19th, on the S. S. *Katori Maru,* reached Suez December 26th, but on account of the war decided to transship and continue to England via the Cape. They are due to arrive about the middle of February.

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# MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Mr. John W. Wood, Secretary, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### Church Missions House Staff

The President and Secretaries of the Board are always ready to consider, and, so far as possible, respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### Secretaries of Provinces

I. —— —— ——

II. Rev. John R. Harding, D.D., 550 West 157th Street, New York.

III. Rev. William C. Hicks, Woodward Building, Fifteenth and H Streets, Washington, D. C.

IV. Rev. R. W. Patton, 412 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga.

V. —— —— ——

VI. Rev. C. C. Rollit, D.D., 4400 Washburn Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

VII. Rev. Edward Henry Eckel, Sr., 211 W. Market Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

VIII. —— —— ——

### Alaska

Rev. Hudson Stuck, D.D.

**China**

ANKING
Miss S. E. Hopwood.
HANKOW
Rev. S. H. Littell.
SHANGHAI
W. H. Jefferys, M.D.

**Japan**

TOKYO
Rev. Dr. C. S. Reifsnider.

**Western Nebraska**

Rt. Rev. G. A. Beecher, D.D.

**Work Among Indians**

Mrs. Baird Sumner Cooper of Wyoming, The Manheim Apartment, Allentown, Pa.

**Work Among Negroes**

Representing St. Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Va.; Archdeacon Russell, Lawrenceville, Va. Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Field Secretary, Portsmouth, Va. Rev. J. Alvin Russell, 5,000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Representing St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.; Rev. A. B. Hunter.

Representing the schools and other missionary work in the diocese of South Carolina; Archdeacon Baskerville, Charleston, S. C.

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## WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR

Orders for the Lenten Offering Number (March) are being received daily. So far the indications are that more copies will be ordered this year than last. Certain it is that there is a great deal of hearty interest. To-date—which means February 21st,—80,000 copies have been ordered. The banner order comes from Fall River, Mass. It is easy to see from the letters, however, that many of the orders which are small, numerically, are very large in interest and enthusiasm.

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Among our most interested visitors this past month were two women who came to see. They were preparing a paper on "THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS," to be read before their local Auxiliary and they came to headquarters for information. We are doubly glad that they did—glad to have had the privilege of showing them about, and glad for the promise of the results of their visit to pass on to you.

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During January we have received 564 new subscriptions and 2,153 renewals. In January, 1915, we received 560 new subscriptions and 2,023 renewals. We are glad, therefore, to show an increase of 4 new and 130 renewal subscriptions. A little co-operation will show a better record for February. THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN IF EVERY SUBSCRIBER SECURED AN ADDITIONAL ONE DURING THE YEAR!

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## EDUCATIONAL NOTES

IN giving the statistics of the Provinces of New York and New Jersey, through some mistake, nothing was printed under the column "Normal Classes." As a matter of fact, nine normal classes were held in the Diocese of New York alone. We shall be very glad to have other diocesan leaders notify us of the number held in their dioceses.

We now have two Spanish publications on sale; they are "Dos Preguntas o El Porque de la Iglesia Episcopal," and "El Pequeno Catecismo de las Primeras Coasa."

The sets of forty cards on Japan are out of print and will not be renewed.

A series of eight charts has been made up illustrating the various activities of the Educational Department. They are most attractive, being made of brown cardboard, with pictures in black-and-white or sepia, and with white lettering. A case for their transportation has also been obtained, so that they can easily be sent from place to place at small cost. They constitute a most valuable addition to any exhibit.

The Game of Home, which we have been selling for 50c. postpaid, will be sold for 25c. from this time until Easter.

THE NEW ST. HILDA'S

# ST. HILDA'S, WUCHANG

*By Dorothy Mills*

Ten thousand dollars of the United Offering of 1910 was devoted to the erection of a new building for St. Hilda's School for girls, which the growth of Boone University was crowding out from its old home in the Mission's central compound. The members of the Auxiliary who shared in that United Offering will be glad to read what it meant to St. Hilda's.

"SHALL we go by launch or sampan?" This we ask as we stand on the bund in Hankow, looking across the yellow Yangtze to Wuchang. St. Hilda's School is over there, near the pagoda outside the "Little East Gate" of the city. If we go across by sampan, we pass the rows of mat-sheds along the bank and finally get out at a long flight of stone steps. We have a glimpse of the city as we skirt the old city wall, in one corner of which we see the red roofs of Boone University and the clock on the tower. We pass occasionally huts, dark and dirty, and it is hard to believe that some of our girls come from homes like these and go back to them in vacations.

Just beyond the Red Hill, in the midst of low fields, we see the school, St. Hilda's. These buildings are only a year and a half old, first used in the fall of 1914, and, to some of us, stand for years of planning, bargaining for land, disappointments such as when the trees were cut down in the night by the former owners. They mean gratitude for the gifts sent from home, each day's watching as they went up, the final moving from the cramped space on Boone compound, and the joy and satisfaction in the convenient, roomy space for over two hundred girls, new freedom, a gymnasium given by some one especially interested in physical education, an infirmary, and hope for still greater growth in the future. All this we see in the group of low, brown, sandstone buildings, surrounded by the compound wall, lying there in the midst of the neat little gardens, just beyond the village.

From this village come some of the day-school children. We can tell which ones by the way they run out to bow and their mothers smile from the doorways. Some of the mothers come on Sunday afternoon to hear the older girls' "teach Doctrine." One of the high school girls has charge of this Sunday-school for women, and the sixth and seventh-class girls take turns

telling Bible stories and "preaching." Two of the older girls teach the women in their homes, and once last year when our gardener had engaged some of them to weed our lawn, we found the girls out preaching to them. The women were quite willing to stop their work and listen!

The gate-keeper opens the gate for us when we arrive. He lives at the gate-house, and his future daughter-in-law is in the school, supported by one of the Massachusetts Junior Auxiliaries.

On our left is the room for the day school. This was started in February, 1915, and has at present twenty girls from the near-by villages. One of St. Hilda's graduates teaches it, and eventually it will be used as a practice school for the girls training to be teachers.

The playground is at our right as we walk toward the main building. There is a basketball field, a drill ground, a tennis court and the wide lawn where they play games. When we see a mother come hobbling up the walk on her tiny bound feet, to be greeted by her daughter running in from the tennis court, racquet in hand, we realize how Chinese girls are changing. But when most of the girls want to sleep with all windows closed and some feel it very undignified to play games, we realize what a slow change it is.

The school has two stories, with a long hall down each one. Downstairs are classrooms, most of them with desks and benches made by a Hankow carpenter. We need some good pictures for the walls, which are now quite bare. On this floor, also, are the science laboratory, the music and practise rooms and the large assembly-room, used for a study hall and for morning and evening prayers and Sunday morning services. Our most urgent need at present is a chapel. Since now a girl can go through St. Hilda's without entering a real church, unless we take her for a long walk into the city, it seems as if the most important building were lacking. We are hoping that this will not long be true. At present, the oratory, later to be used as a library, supplies the chapel for Communion Services, and meetings of smaller groups, such as the Confirmation and Baptism classes.

The other end of the building includes the dining-room, the kitchen, the practice kitchen for the girls—as each graduate has to be able to cook a simple Chinese meal—the rooms where the girls wash their own clothes, and the bathrooms. At present the foreign teachers' living-room and study usurp space that will soon be needed for the school. But the teacher's house, the gift of friends in America, is now being built, and next fall will be ready for use.

Upstairs are washrooms and hair-doing rooms, a dispensary, a few small rooms for teachers and the large dormitories. Most of the beds are iron cots. Last year a Bible woman was speaking to a group of women about miracles, using a girl who had been badly treated by her husband as an illustration. She reminded them how the girl was found almost dead from the abuse she had suffered, how she had been educated at St. Hilda's, "And now," she ended, "and now she sleeps every night in an iron bed!"

One of the student government rules, made by the girls themselves, is: "Not more than two girls can sit on a bed at one time." It is well that they are thus safeguarded, for we have scarcely beds enough for the girls, and the new enrolment each term has to be partly governed by the number of beds. Now we have one hundred and fifty girls. The school will hold two hundred and fifty, and more are ready and waiting to enter when beds and teachers are provided. The building is new and in many ways incomplete. But in what we now have we see the promise of splendid things

to come—an adequate plant with which to keep up to the fast-growing standard of education in China, and through which to interpret the message of Christ to this group of Chinese girls that they may carry it on to others. Thirty dollars sends a girl to school for one year, fifteen dollars for one term, which amounts to about ten cents a day.

What happens in a day at St. Hilda's? It starts off at six when the gong rings. Each girl has some housework, dusting or light brushing, and at seven, as many as wish, gather in the assembly-room or oratory to study their Bibles. This was done at the girls' and Chinese teachers' suggestion and is left entirely to them. We have regular prayers at half-past seven, and breakfast follows. From half-past eight to nine the girls write characters, for writing is an art in China, and must be constantly practised. At nine o'clock classes begin, lasting, with the exception of lunch time, till four. The work follows the curriculum of the Central China Christian Educational Association, of which St. Hilda's is a member. The full course includes lower and upper primary—seven years—and a middle or high school of four years. Grading is not a simple matter, for beginners may mean a little girl of seven or a big girl of fourteen.

After classes, three days a week, come gymnastics, games and drill. Bound feet are fast going out of style, and the small proportion of girls who have them must unbind gradually at school. Round shoulders and flat chests are still thought beautiful, team play and the sporting spirit are slow in coming, but the drill leaders and the young teachers enter into a game of captain ball in the gymnasium with as much zest as any girls in America.

All day long, and especially in the afternoon when other classes are over, singing and piano and organ practising may be heard. The great value of the organ is that the girls may play in their own churches or in the day schools where they will teach. One girl asked, "May I study music? I was ashamed to be in church and no one could play. I couldn't play either, and I want to learn." Another wrote this summer, "They wanted some one to play organ in church. I tried to. I played very badly and they sang very queerly, but I was the only one to do it."

Supper comes early to give time for two study hours, one before prayers, for the little children, the other from eight to nine, for the older ones. The Chinese teachers of the high school and the seventh-class girls have charge of evening prayers, taking turns in leading them.

On Saturdays the girls have their sewing and cooking classes, each girl being taught to make a complete suit of clothes, including shoes and stockings, and to cook a simple meal, before she leaves. Saturday afternoon the relatives come to see the girls, and the halls are filled with interesting groups of families. On Sunday we have our own Communion Service and, later, morning prayer with the foreign chaplain and Chinese preacher. The girls have the Sunday-school classes in addition to their regular course of Bible instruction. The older girls teach some of the younger classes.

It is very important to teach the girls to give whatever they receive, in their turn to be earnest missionaries. The baptized children are members of the Junior Auxiliary, "the *Yeo Tung Tsuan Tao Huei*"; when they are confirmed they become members of the Woman's Auxiliary. They have all been greatly interested lately in giving their share toward the new diocese of Shensi, which is to be the mission of the Chinese *Sen Kung Huei* Christians.

The staff this year is composed of four foreign teachers, only one of whom is permanent, six young Chi-

nese teachers, several of whom are graduates of the school, a matron, a nurse and three Chinese men teachers. Deaconess Phelps has, in 1915, completed ten years in China, nine years of which have been spent in St. Hilda's. It is to her devotion and ability that much of the success of the school is due. The group of young Chinese teachers, earnest, "hot-hearted" Christian girls, is a constant delight to work and live with, a visible result of the years of patient, careful work done by the missionaries from the first beginnings of the Mission.

One of these girls, who was supported while she was a pupil in school by friends in America, traces her ancestry direct to Ko Tsz I, whose name is on the Nestorian tablet. Bishop Roots was interested in the family because of this connection, and placed the girl in school. She was a naughty child, not seeming to care about anything; but the prospect of teaching roused her to a new interest, and she developed such an unusual gift with little children that she is now one of our most dependable and enthusiastic teachers.

"Possessing Treasure" will graduate next year, but will doubtless continue in the high school. She has a remarkable mind and a lovely nature, with every promise of developing into a fine, Christian woman. Yet she might so easily have lived her whole life, uneducated, within the walls of a tiny hut. "Beautiful Plum," the baby of the school, who scampers about the halls, was picked up in the garden of a mission compound, left there a forlorn scrap of a thing, probably not wanted because she was a girl. "Golden Kingfisher" is the daughter of a fish-dealer, whose brother is now one of our clergymen. "Cassia Flower" and her sister are daughters of a prosperous merchant of Hankow. Their brothers dress in foreign clothes, and the girls seem to

THE TEACHING STAFF: FOUR FOREIGN, SIX CHINESE

be the authorities on foreign and modern ways.

We have all kinds. Some of the girls are from non-Christian families. For them the hope is that they may become such sincere and earnest Christians as to overcome family prejudice and indifference and while in school be baptized and confirmed. But a large number of the girls come from Christian homes. With them the problem is different, but of equal importance to the Church in China. They must be strengthened in the realization of what it means to be an educated Christian woman in China to-day. The words which they have heard must be made their own, and they must be taught that hardest lesson for the Chinese, that Christ must be shown forth, not only with their lips, but in their lives.

China is in a transition stage, and, as in every country, this shows itself most acutely when the conventions, the ambitions of girls begin to change. They are emerging from the high walls of their fathers' or husbands' homes. They are gaining independence, and we foreigners are largely responsible for giving them glimpses of broader living and freer action. And so we are also largely responsible for the present danger, that they will not understand the high standard and

strength of character, which alone make this freedom a glory, not a disgrace. The change is coming fast. We must keep it from coming too fast, and yet our task is to keep up with it and to interpret real meanings, "and thus to marry new and old, into the one of stronger mould." The Power of Christ, alone, can guide the Chinese girls aright in this difficult period.

LIST OF NEEDS FOR ST. HILDA'S SCHOOL

| | Gold |
|---|---|
| 1. A church | $5,000.00 |
| 2. Support of a girl for a year | 30.00 |
| 3. Beds for new girls at | 7.00 |
| 4. Desks and chairs at | 2.00 |

Permanent teachers needed:
One to give religious instruction
One to teach mathematics and science
One to teach music
One to teach English.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF ST. HILDA'S GIRLS

# HOW TO USE "THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS"

AFTER reading the January number of The Spirit of Missions, the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary sent out a letter calling attention to the calls urged therein—Page 8, General Missions, *the whole thing;* page 10, St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo; pages 17-23, St. Agnes' School, Kyoto; page 24, St. Mary's and St. John's, Shanghai, and the repairs at Bontok; pages 27-31, St. Michael's and the soldiers, Wuchang; pages 35-36, the furnishings for the little church in Utah; page 53, the organ for Changsha—and reminding that there are those who are able to respond. To bring the abundant means and the numbers of able persons together in the supply of need can be only through the grace of God, and the readers of the letter were urged to pray for this. One of these readers writes:

Thank you for your letter, with the suggestions that have come to you from your reading of the January Spirit of Missions. I sometimes wonder how many of those who take our magazine cast it aside without any real thought. When we see the wonderful way in which it is working in the hearts and lives of many readers, and when we feel in our own hearts its powerful appeal, we cannot but wonder what would be the result if every one who takes the magazine would read it through and take the "Sanctuary of Missions" to their knees. When we receive our copy each month, and go to God with our thanksgivings and petitions for all that is brought

before the Church, might it not be a good plan for each one at that time to pray that He might speak through that number to some hearts that have heretofore been unmindful of the blessing that this magazine might bring to them? This is only a thought that has grown out of the reading of your letter, and from a little book that is growing very dear to me. I wonder if you at the Missions House have seen "The Meaning of Prayer," by Harry Emerson Fosdick. It is a little book that sells for fifty cents, is small and convenient to carry, making it an agreeable companion. I have found it so wonderful that nothing could induce me to part with it if I could not secure another copy. I think it is an M. E. M. publication, but no doubt some of you have found it.

Study each number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS as it comes. Make a list of the opportunities it presents, and month by month ask God to make His children ready to fulfil those opportunities.

## AN OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF PRAYER

### FOR EIGHT MEETINGS

**This outline comes to us from the Secretary of the North Carolina Branch. Many branches are following this course during Lent.**

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

1. Prayer—What it is and what it does.
   Books Recommended:
   1. Prayer—What It Is and What It Does, by McComb.
   2. Prayer—Its Nature and Scope, by Trumbull.
2. The Prayer Life of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Hezekiah, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, St. Peter and St. Paul.
   Why and When and How They Prayed.
3. The Prayers of Jesus Christ.
   The Prayer-Life of the Early Church—The Acts of the Apostles to Chapter 16.
   Prayer as spoken of in Revelation.
4. With God in the World.
   A review of Bishop Brent's book, dwelling on *public* worship.
5. Hindrances to prayer.
   Book Recommended:
   The Still Hour, by Austin Phelps.
6. Christ's Teachings on Prayer.
   Books Recommended:
   1. With Christ in the School of Prayer, by Murray.
   2. The Meaning of Prayer, by Fosdick.
7. A Review of Availing Prayer, The Morning Watch, The Secret Prayer Life, Secret Prayer a Great Reality, The Practice of the Presence of God.
   Five Five-Minute Talks.
8. A Call to Intercession.
   Three Talks.

   Books Recommended:
   1. Intercessors—The Primary Need, by Mott.
   2. Prayer and Missions, by Speer.
   3. Intercessory Foreign Missionaries, by Street.

**Books suggested may be obtained from Association Press, 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York, N. Y.**

## *THE FEBRUARY CONFERENCE*

THE subject of February's Conference—"The Woman's Auxiliary and the Clergy: How They Help and How They Hinder"—drew an unusually large number of officers and members to the meeting.

It was preceded by the Holy Communion, celebrated by the Rev. F. J. Clark, and a brief session in which Dr. Teusler reported the encouragement of $50,000 for St. Luke's Hospital, just undertaken by Virginia. Deaconess Goodwin told of a visit to the Alexandria Seminary and a talk to the students; Miss Lindley of a couple of days spent in St. Louis, seeing the preparations for the Triennial, and attendance at the Provincial meeting of the Southwest in Kansas City, where a simple constitution for the Auxiliary within the Province was adopted; Mrs. Danforth, of Newark, reported on a similar meeting in Albany of the Auxiliary in the Province of New York and New Jersey, where it was decided not to organize and that Auxiliary meetings at the time of the Synod should be called only when desired by the branch where the Synod should be held; the Secretary of the Auxiliary spoke of the letter upon the January SPIRIT OF MISSIONS sent out from the Auxiliary rooms, and read one of many encouraging responses, from an officer in the diocese of Fond du Lac: "Your letter of January thrilled me with its spirit of anxiety for us all to do more and better things for the missionary cause. I cannot promise to do more than we are now doing, but this is true in our diocese—the missionary spirit grows

and individuals are giving more freely than in years gone by. We shall strive to help all we can."

The Secretary also announced the appointment of several Auxiliary members on the Board's Committee on the One Day's Income.

The attendance included officers from: Albany, 1 (Junior); Asheville, 1; Connecticut, 1; Kansas, 1 (Junior); Long Island, 6 (1 Junior); Massachusetts, 1; Michigan, 1 (Junior); Newark, 4; New Hampshire, 1; New Jersey, 2; New York, 5 (1 Junior); Pennsylvania, 5; with visitors representing Alaska, Oregon and Utah.

Mrs. Phelps, chairman of the Conference Committee, presented Mrs. Markoe, the president of the Pennsylvania branch, who presided over the discussion. The point was strongly made that no one could help the Auxiliary in a parish as the rector himself can do; that it is most important that there should be sympathy, harmony and understanding between the rector and the president of the parish branch; that she should consult him about plans and program for the year; that she should be careful about the little courtesies—such as not planning for extra meetings, visiting missionaries, etc., without consulting him about fixing dates that would not interfere with other plans, giving him the opportunity to welcome the missionary visitors to his parish, etc.

There was a difference of opinion as to the advantage of the rector being present at every meeting, some thinking it most helpful to have him attend throughout, others that the meeting was more free if he withdrew after the opening prayers, others feeling that the women needed the experience of conducting the devotional part of the meeting, and that the rector needed to be present at discussions to learn what the women were doing and at the talks from missionaries. It was reported that one rector confessed himself converted to foreign missions by hearing a parishioner who had been in the foreign field tell of her work. The importance of giving the parochial clergy through Auxiliary meetings and social visits in the homes of the Auxiliary members opportunity to know the missionaries was dwelt upon. One officer present, herself a missionary, said from the missionary's standpoint that no one could realize the tremendous power it was to have the rector at the Auxiliary meeting and to meet him in his own home or the homes of his people. It was suggested that the Auxiliary ask the rector to conduct a class on the study of missions in the Bible, that classes of the vestry with the rector might be formed, that Dr. Jefferys might conduct a larger number of such classes for men, clerical and lay.

One plan for this Lent was described. In a large New York parish the president is conducting a normal class of eight or nine members, preliminary to their each conducting a daily class through Lent. These leaders are prepared by the Auxiliary president, while the rector is sending a personal letter to the women of the parish, explaining the plan and urging them to join.

The only clergyman present at the conference, a missionary among the mill people of the South, gave it as his experience that in many places the Auxiliary would not exist at all but for the determination and insistance of the rector or missionary.

These following suggestions and points made by Miss Lindley are commended to the consideration of the Auxiliary, in the hope that they and the parish clergy may become increasingly helpful to one another:

1. To secure a leaflet written by a clergyman, emphasizing the value of the Auxiliary in his parish. This leaflet could be sent to parishes where there is no Auxiliary.
2. To invite the clergy to one diocesan Auxiliary meeting a year.
3. Where the branches of the Auxiliary have stood for the *spiritual* side, they have had the earnest and enthusiastic support of the rector.

## THE MARCH CONFERENCE

### AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

Thursday, the 16th, at the Church Missions House, New York.

Holy Communion at 10 a. m.; reports, etc., at 10.30; conference from 11 to 12. Prayers at noon.

Subject, (a) Methods of work in missionary districts and distant dioceses; (b) *"Do's"* and *"Don'ts"* from missionaries.

The Quiet Hour taking the place of the closing conference will be held on Thursday, April 13.

## THE TRIENNIAL

The Triennial of the Woman's Auxiliary will be held in St. Louis next October. Each branch is entitled to send five representative members, one of them preferably a Junior. As chosen, please notify the Secretary at the Church Missions House.

# THE JUNIOR PAGE

## FROM THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT IN THE DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI

*Miss F. B. Walthall, President, Box 82, Jackson, Miss.*

THE Junior Auxiliary officers in Mississippi have found that a good many leaders, or prospective leaders, of parish branches want very definite suggestions "what to do." They say, "I don't know what we ought to do." The officers have also realized that it might be a help to many leaders to be able to say, not "I want the branch to do so-and-so," but "The diocesan organization expects us to do so-and-so." We therefore put forth an "outline" of work proposed, being specially glad to make it cover all three sections, as we are anxious to have the organization in sections fully understood, and to have the oneness of the organization also realized. We had this outline printed, and sent it to all branch leaders, with the request that it be kept at hand for reference. This was done in the fall. Early in January we asked each branch to send in a copy of the outline, which was forwarded for the purpose, with each item checked, which the branch might report as "accomplished." One benefit from this, and perhaps the most important, was the inducing each branch leader thus to "take stock" of what her branch had been doing. Another such report is to be made at Easter, when our year ends.

We are also using the outline in extension work, as it gives some definite suggestions to possible leaders in places where we have no Junior work, as to just what the Junior Auxiliary is trying to do.

We think that it is well worth while, from the point of view of the Juniors themselves, to have some standard that may serve to emphasize the unity of the work. They are too apt to think of "my branch" only.

OUTLINE OF WORK FOR THE YEAR 1915-1916.

*For Section One, Little Helpers*:

*In each parish*: (1) Each baptized child enrolled in the branch; (2) each mother visited at least once; (3) each mother given the leaflets of the Little Helpers; (4) at least one special service during the year.

*For the children four to eight years old, in addition to the above*:

(5) Each child to learn the noonday prayer rule; (6) one series of from six to eight meetings one week apart, when the children shall receive teaching by stories, pictures, and manual work about some of the Church's mission work for children; (7) each child to know the story of the Little Helpers' Kindergarten at Akita, and at least one other missionary enterprise that helps little children; (8) each child to make at least one article for some child in a mission school or hospital; (9) each child to learn by heart two Bible verses, and Hymn 562.

*For Section Two*:

*In each parish*: (1) Each child reaching eight years to be enrolled in Section Two; (2) each member to learn the noonday prayer rule; (3) each member to learn of the Junior Prayer League Leaflet, and, if possible, be led to use it; (4) prayer for a missionary volunteer from Mississippi to be used in each branch in meetings and by members individually; (5) each member to memorize the Junior Collect and some given texts; (6) each member to learn to understand the division of the Church into provinces; the method of choosing the Board of Missions, and for what work it is chosen; in what parts of the United States the Board is supporting work; in what extra continental territories under the United States flag; and in what foreign countries; (7) each member to understand clearly for what different objects the Juniors of Section Two in Mississippi are pledged or expected to work this year; (8) each member to make at least one article for use in the mission field, or for sale that the proceeds may be given to missions; (9) each branch to have at least one regular course of mission study, with from six to eight meetings at weekly intervals; (10) each branch to give one play of missionary character; (11) at least one special intercessory service or meeting during the year.

*For Section Three*:

*In each parish*: (1) An earnest attempt to make each possible member an actual member; (2) each member to learn the noonday prayer rule; (3) the Church Prayer League's intercession leaflet to be brought to the attention of each member; (4) prayer for a missionary volunteer from Mississippi to be used by each branch, in meetings and by members individually; (5) one special intercessory service or meeting; (6) one regular study class; (7) one missionary book, other than the study class text book, to be read by each member; (8) one play of missionary character to be given; (9) one piece of individual service on the part of each member—e. g., one definite attempt to enlist interest of some one else, one letter written, one article made for use in a missionary household, etc.; (10) something given by each branch to: General Missions, Diocesan Missions, the United Offering, St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo.

*Notes*: It is suggested that in every case possible each leader in Sections One and Two and one or more of the members of each Section Three branch take Miss Lindley's Correspondence Course.

Contingent Fund payments should of course be duly made.

# MISSIONARY DISTRICTS AND THEIR BISHOPS

## I. AT HOME

**Alaska:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Peter T. Rowe.
**Arizona:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Julius W. Atwood.
**Asheville:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Junius M. Horner.
**Eastern Oklahoma:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Theodore P. Thurston.
**Eastern Oregon:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Robert L. Paddock.
**Honolulu:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry B. Restarick.
**Idaho:** Rt. Rev. Dr. James B. Funsten.
**Nevada:** Rt. Rev. Dr. George C. Hunting.
**New Mexico:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Frederick B. Howden.
**North Dakota:** Rt. Rev. Dr. J. Poyntz Tyler.
**North Texas:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward A. Temple.
**Oklahoma:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Francis K. Brooke.
**Porto Rico:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles B. Colmore.
**Philippine Islands:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles H. Brent.
**Salina:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Sheldon M. Griswold.
**San Joaquin:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Louis Childs Sanford.
**South Dakota:**
**Southern Florida:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Cameron Mann.
**Spokane:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Herman Page.
**Utah:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Paul Jones.
**Western Colorado:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Benjamin Brewster.
**Western Nebraska:** Rt. Rev. Dr. George A. Beecher.
**Wyoming:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Nathaniel S. Thomas.

Though not a missionary district the Panama Canal Zone has been placed under the care of the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. W. Knight

## II. ABROAD

**Anking:** Rt. Rev. Dr. D. Trumbull Huntington.
**Brazil:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Lucien L. Kinsolving.
**Cuba:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Hiram R. Hulse.
**Hankow:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Logan H. Roots.
**Haiti:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles B. Colmore, in charge.
**Kyoto:** Rt. Rev. Dr. H. St. George Tucker.
**Liberia:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Ferguson.
**Mexico:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry D. Aves.
**Shanghai:** Rt. Rev. Dr. Frederick R. Graves.
**Tokyo:** Rt. Rev. Dr. John McKim.

# IMPORTANT NOTES

### *SUBSCRIBERS TO THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS*

IN order to give our subscribers efficient service, it is requested that subscriptions be renewed as promptly as possible after expiration notices are received.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. Subscriptions will be discontinued unless renewed. Upon the wrapper with each address is a note of the time when subscription expires. Changes are made on the fifteenth of each month. For subscriptions received later changes appear the following month.

### *TO THE CLERGY*

THE Clergy are requested to notify "The Mailing Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York," of changes in their post-office addresses in order that the Board's publications may be correctly mailed to them.

### *CONCERNING WILLS*

IT is earnestly requested that inquiries be made concerning Wills admitted to probate whether they contain bequests to this Society, and that information of all such bequests be communicated to the Treasurer without delay. In making bequests for missions it is most important to give the exact title of the Society, thus: *I give, devise, and bequeath to The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, for the use of the Society*.....If it is desired that the bequest should be applied to some particular department of the work, there should be substituted for the words, "For the Use of the Society," the words "For Domestic Missions," or "For Foreign Missions," or "For Work Among the Indians," or "For Work Among Colored People," or "For Work in Africa," or "For Work in China,' etc.